

fifth estate

Spring 2020

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The Call for
Justice

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SOME RELIGION?

Your Winter 2019 issue is full of fine writing and provocative thinking, particularly so in the review of *Godless: 150 Years of Disbelief* by Peter Werbe. The final section, beginning with "Let's devise a spiritual belief system. . ." is a beautiful manifesto worth sharing. I wish I'd written it!

Thank you for doing what you do. Your readers appreciate you.

MK Punky
Los Angeles

Peter Werbe replies: Thank you, MK. However, just so readers don't think I've found religion, what I suggested was as an alternative system to the patriarchal, sky-god, anti-human belief systems now besotting humanity.

It was a fanciful one essentially celebrating ourselves and our connection to everything.

You can see MK's writing at michaelkonik.com/books.

MORE ON PORN

I read the letter in your Summer 2019 issue about a guy using pornography. The problem you're having is using the term pornography instead of sex rated film. Pornography can be defined as womanslaughter, sex acts only filmed and distributed for the purpose of violent sadistic enjoyment.

If your hobby is consensual and non violent, I don't see any crime being committed and I'm an anti pornography identifier. I reject men because they

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often expect sex and orgasm transactionally, but are lovingly shallow when I need a partner to be an economically stable individual in a marriageable, religious society.

Men could and have often depreciated and defamed my value in relation to their expectation of fame and achievement. I know some women willing to organize militantly about men's unwillingness to commit to being truthful about what sex anxiety is. Or, refuse to admit the transactional requirement of what's expected.

As a feminist and a Muslim ethicist, I notice expectations of Man as too impossible as they are for Woman, and so forgive the absurd theatre.

Kathryn
via email

FE ALWAYS TECH

Steve Kirk asserts in "The Logic of the Telescope," in your Winter 2020 issue that the religious ideas of one group of people trump everything else.

He has no use for technology or idea where it comes from.

The "inevitable march of scientific progress," he disparages, helped us create vaccines for viruses that previously killed millions.

The Fifth Estate has always relied on technology. The first issue was printed on a printing press. When I worked there, we had older machines to set our type, create headlines, burn film for the press, make telephone calls to sources.

Now, the Fifth Estate uses a way to reach an audience of every person in the world: the Internet. This is an amazing use of technology—a powerful way to express your ideas, free of any censorship, offering more freedom of speech than the printing press, movable type, or stone tablets.

Steve condemns Intel co-founder Gordon Moore. Is he a telescope funder, hoping to show a profit? My guess is he donates funds to allow science to continue. No government spends enough, or can be trusted to spend on research. Private funding of impartial research seems like a good idea.

There are vital goals that don't depend on the "basic and cogent understanding of lived reality." I can't see a virus. Nor an electron. We need tools to work with these. Tools are neither good nor bad, but benign, and depend on the intent of the user.

He complains that wind turbines mar his view. Really?

Would Steve prefer to heat his home

Continued on P.47

About This Issue

Welcome to our Spring 2020 edition. Its theme is Justice. Since the political state arose thousands of years ago and began replacing communal societies, justice has meant "Just Us." That is, the construction of legal systems solely benefiting the top of the social pyramid designed to protect the property of the ruling class and to thwart attempts to alter the repressive power and wealth arrangements. Our writers look at the history of justice, how it is used for class rule, and what would be an equitable solution. We know it as anarchism.

Thanks To All Who Made This Issue Possible

This includes dozens of active participants who produced this issue including writers, artists, and photographers, but also those who did editing, designing, and proofreading. When we include subscribers, distributors (info shops, free distro, and bookstores), and readers, the numbers reach into the thousands.

About The Cover

Mapuche child blowing an animal horn in the Quilape Lopez community in Chile. Elders say youth are the future of the Mapuche as is the land. Quilape Lopez is re-occupying 1500 hectares of ancestral land. The Pinochet dictatorship took Mapuche land and gave it to forestry corporations for timber plantations. Photo: Orin Langelle, a photojournalist activist with Global Justice Ecology Project.

Call For Submissions: Spring 2020 Fifth Estate

Theme: Where We Live

We seek analytical articles, news reports, essays, poetry and fiction relating to housing, currently and historically, such as communes and squats, urban and rural, and activism around housing, rent strikes, evictions and blocking evictions, and living on the planet.

Your ideas for essays, analytical and anecdotal, news articles, fiction, and poetry are welcome. Submit manuscripts for short pieces and proposals for longer essays, along with art, graphics, and photographs to: fe@fifthestate.org or Fifth Estate, PO Box 201016, Ferndale, MI 48220

Deadline: July 15, 2020

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Graffiti is everywhere in Exarchia. This is the end of a large painting welcoming migrants. It reads, "Dedicated to the poor and homeless here & around the globe."



Dispatch from Exarchia: "Calling all comrades!" Athens Neighborhood is Home to Anarchy

S. FLYNN

 THENS—In February, *The National Herald*, a right-wing Greek newspaper based in the U.S., boasted, "Exarchia Anarchists will be Wiped Out." For nearly fifty years, Exarchia, a neighborhood in central Athens, Greece has been an example of autonomous living.

The neighborhood, which is the site of a number of uprisings has achieved what anarchists long believed possible; a self-organized city within a city. For decades, police who entered would be immediately attacked and pushed out.

The neighborhood is home to a number of squats, and to radical groups such as The Ruvikanos, and the Conspiracy of Fire Cells, who have done much for the community, including housing and caring for Syrian refugees. They've also taken part in direct action and property destruction.

Now, a new center-right government, headed by the New Democracy Party, is putting in the greatest effort in decades to evict anarchists from their homes and community spaces in Exarchia. Prior to the election, the neighborhood benefited from the previous four years of the Syriza Party government, which was somewhat ideologically sympathetic to anarchist groups, and practiced a mostly hands off policy towards the area.

Military police have evacuated squats, sending migrants back to refugee camps. They've bombed music venues and movie theaters with tear gas, and for the first time in 12 years, there have been police patrols in Exarchia. The result is a battle supported by anarchist groups throughout the world.

If you are wondering where you should put your energy and support—look no further.

Exarchia comprises fifteen or twenty winding blocks, many of them pedestrian walkways, in the center of Athens. These streets surround a square—a triangle really—flanked by bookstores and restaurants, close to the Polytechnic Institute and the National Archeological Museum. At the top of the neighborhood is Lofos Strefi—a wooded park on a hill with trails, cliffs and boulders, and a basketball court.

Strefi is reached by a couple of long concrete staircases that cut through the buildings on Kalidromiou Street. To the East is Mount Lycebettus, a steep climb through wooded trails and cactuses to a tiny monastery. From the top, you can see the vast white sprawl of Athens, rolling out to the ruins and the sea beyond.

The December 2008 uprising was supported by the broader population. Violent protests swept through every neighborhood and suburb of the city, expanding out to the broader mainland and then to the islands in the surrounding Aegean Sea.

The catalyst was the murder of Alexander Grigoropoulos, a fifteen-year-old anarchist, by two policemen after a verbal confrontation between police and a group of teenagers. Grigoropoulos still lived at home in the suburbs with his parents and his death resonated with a population already beaten down by economic crisis. In the days following the boy's murder, shops, banks and cars in the center of the city were

torched. Public buildings around Syntagma Square, the seat of parliament, were set on fire.

The uprising lasted for weeks with students occupying university buildings and masked gunmen attacking police, but the heart of the protest was everyday people—women dressed for work in suits and heels lobbing broken cinder blocks through bank windows, mothers physically attacking police.

Under this intense public pressure, the cop who shot Grigoropoulos, Epaminondas Korkoneas, was sentenced to life in prison, his partner was charged as an accomplice and sentenced to ten years. The New Democracy government condemned the shooting, police issued an apology, Christmas festivities in Athens were canceled.

It's hard for an American to imagine this kind of reaction to the murder of a child by the police. The weeks of rage were sparked by Grigoropoulos's murder but they were borne

school record students appealing to soldiers as their brothers, begging them to disobey orders.

This was not an event lost to distraction or gentrification or revisionist history. The sanctuary law—which forbids police or soldiers from entering any university grew from a visceral understanding of state violence.

In the years following the massacre at the Polytechnic, anarchists were able to organize and grow the movement, and as a result built Exarchia into an example of mutual aid and solidarity, of people taking direct responsibility for their lives. People are drawn to the neighborhood from all over Europe.

The next two decades in the neighborhood saw a cultural revival, driven by the bottom up. At one point, there were ten thousand anarchists living in the neighborhood, car parks turned into gardens, a boom of public art, bookstores and publishing collectives, political meetings, lectures and actions.

What could have turned into a culture of fear after the crackdown, led to the ousting of the Junta in 1974, and solidified a culture of resistance. Exarchia is an anarchist experiment that has worked for nearly half a century. The feeling of safety, solidarity, and joy one has in the neighborhood is remarkable.

Now, the new government is threatening to eliminate the sanctuary law—a reversal that specifically targets the Polytechnic in Exarchia, a center for organizing, and for escaping police violence and surveillance. Airbnb rentals have popped up all over the neighborhood.

Investors are buying buildings hoping the government's policy of repression will alter the neighborhood's character enough to allow gentrification, but so far this has failed. If it is allowed to continue, it will change the fundamental character of the neighborhood which is largely made up of families who have lived here for generations, artists, writers, musicians, students, intellectuals and radicals.

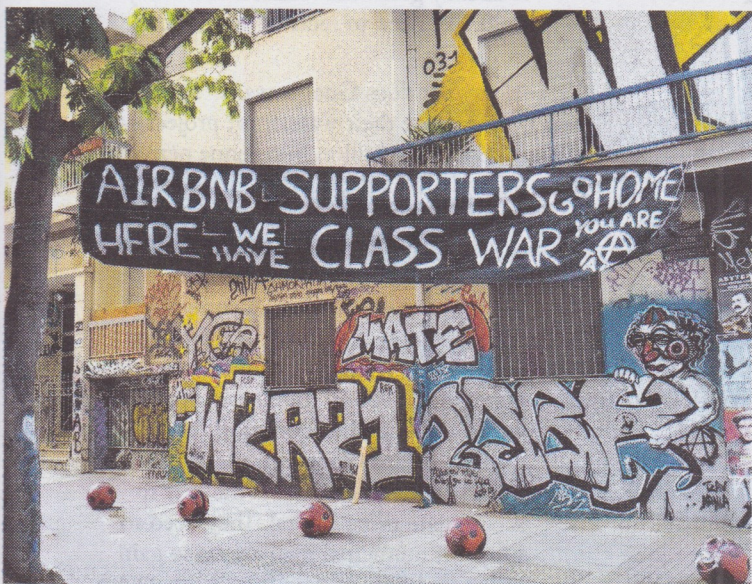
Police in Exarchia have stated it's more important to go after anarchists than to make arrests for drug use or assault. They routinely ignore destructive drug activity—something held in check by anarchists for decades.

The effort to dismantle Exarchia mirrors the prospecting that took place in Manhattan's East Village in the 1980s, which used junkies and arson as the first wave of sanitizing the neighborhood, turning squats and artist venues into coops and housing for the rich, driving up real estate prices, and silencing political critique.

We all are needed in Exarchia. The remaining squats in the neighborhood need support to continue. The ones that have been shut down need bodies on the ground to reoccupy them.

There is a lot to learn from being here—particularly about joy and possibility. This goes beyond fighting gentrification. If there is any place we, as anarchists, can call home, it is here.

S. Flynn is a journalist living in Exarchia



Airbnb and foreign investors are attempting to create a new market to redefine Exarchia. There is an Airbnb Experience tour called "Sweet Anarchy" describing Exarchia and its street inhabitants as if they are animals in a zoo.

—photo crimethinc. com

from deep seated historical mistrust—or perhaps more accurately—a deep seated understanding of the things of which unchecked authority is capable.

On November 17, 1973, the U.S. backed military Junta crushed a non-violent occupation at the Polytechnic Institute in Exarchia by driving a tank through its gates, and over the bodies of students who stood on the other side, murdering twenty-seven people. The aftermath required soldiers to squeegee pools of blood from the sidewalk into the gutters and sewers. Radio transmissions from inside the



—Greg Giegucz

SidewalkToronto: A City Redesigned

Google's Utopia: Our Nightmare

KIM A. BROADIE

The Internet wasn't supposed to be like this. John Perry Barlow, Internet pioneer and friend of the Grateful Dead and contributor to their very early virtual community, The Well (or Whole Earth 'Lectronic Link), wrote this in his 1996 *A Declaration of the Independence of Cyberspace*:

"Governments of the Industrial World, you weary giants of flesh and steel, I come from Cyberspace, the new home of Mind. On behalf of the future, I ask you of the past to leave us alone. You are not welcome among us. You have no sovereignty where we gather."

Google seeks to replace these weary giants. It seeks sovereignty. Anarchists seek to eliminate gods and masters, but one can't shake the feeling that Google has become a new incarnation of both.

The company has begun building cities of the future from the Internet up. Their first goal, in a partnership with the city of Toronto, is to develop 12 acres of the city's waterfront with smart systems that will optimize everything. Ubiquitous connectivity. Digital omniscience. Techno-utopia.

Sidewalk Labs, a sister company of Google under the Alphabet umbrella, has an ambitious project in play, called *SidewalkToronto*. They have published mountains of dazzling material outlining its proposals and visions making starry-eyed claims that they will solve the problems of urban life all over the world.

As an aside, it should be mentioned that Google, Amazon, and Microsoft all have billion-dollar contracts with the Pentagon and the US intelligence communities.

Many citizens of Toronto are uneasy. The original proposal was for 600 acres, but the City Council scaled it down to 12. Why? The *Financial Post* reports that in June 2019, U.S. venture capitalist Roger McNamee wrote to the city council

warning them about Google's smart city project.

McNamee calls it the most advanced version of surveillance capitalism so far. In his letter to the council, he said Google will be using algorithms to "nudge human behavior" in ways to favor its business. His conclusion is that "no matter what Google is offering, the value to Toronto cannot possibly approach the value your city is giving up."

Strong words. McNamee was an early investor in Apple, Google, and Facebook. He is certainly not a technophobe, nor a Luddite. What are the values McNamee fears will be lost?

Our power. Our autonomy. Privacy is already gone. Surveillance is already total. We need to reclaim our data.

What does Google want? They estimate their waterfront project will generate \$14 billion in revenue per year, to be shared with the city.

Sidewalk Labs, along with Google, say they just want a fair return on their investment, in increasing amounts over time. Money is the clue. A company with a trillion-dollar market cap must grow or die. It needs to in order to maintain its virtual monopoly over the world's digitized information.

That means Google needs to privatize entire cities. That is the way to accumulate more capital. They need to supplant municipal regulations to gain unfettered flow of data from everywhere and everyone. Ever increasing flow of data means ever increasing flow of wealth. The digitized version of your life is the surplus value they own and convert into more capital.

In the October 21, 2017 *Guardian*, Evgeny Morozov gives us more clues about Google's real intentions. He writes that Dan Doctoroff, the CEO of Sidewalk Labs, broadly indicates they will form alliances with wealthy real estate developers and investors to build high-tech cities for their mutual financial benefit.

Morozov writes, they promise "cheap, modular buildings to be assem-

Google needs to privatize entire cities. That is the way to accumulate more capital. They need to supplant municipal regulations to gain unfettered flow of data.

bled quickly; sensors monitoring air quality and building conditions; adaptive traffic lights prioritizing pedestrians and cyclists; parking systems directing cars to available slots. Not to mention delivery robots, advanced energy grids, automated waste sorting, and, of course, ubiquitous self-driving cars.”

By clearing out cumbersome regulations, Google will install sensors, networks and algorithms to run the city. The real time data flows will regulate, but also tune, herd, and condition the behavior of humans, in the words of Shoshana Zuboff, author of *The Age of Surveillance Capitalism*.

Zuboff, in her massive book, explains the backstory of the nature and logic of surveillance capitalism: “In the competition for scope, surveillance capitalists want your home, and what you say and do within its walls. They want your car, your medical condition, and the shows you stream; your location as well as all the streets and buildings in your path and all the behavior of all the people in your city. They want your voice and what you eat and what you buy; your children’s play time and their schooling; your brainwaves and your bloodstream. Nothing is exempt.”

Nothing personal, even though Microsoft now has finalized contracts with hospital groups to collect your personal medical records. It’s just fuel for the business. It’s not about snooping; it’s just business. Shall we give up our smartphones, smart toothbrushes, smart light bulbs, smart doorbells, smart refrigerators and cars, smart vacuum cleaners, smart toys, and soon to come, smart skin?

A basic metaphor for surveillance capitalism, Zuboff says, is the one-way mirror. On our side of the mirror we talk, play games and music, text, search, take selfies. On the other side, the side we can’t see, it is all monitored and digitized. Fed into AI machines that learn from algorithms.

Facebook even knows your heart rate as you gaze at your screen. Like heroin, the benefits of our phone addiction are immediate, but like any addiction it becomes, in the end, a cruel master. We can’t seem to live without them.

As anarchist and social critic Paul Goodman wrote during the 1960s, we must decide how to draw the line against the authoritarian and oppressive forces at work in society. The Googles and Amazons of the world store 99 percent of the world’s information in digital formats. Asymmetrical power, inherently unjust.

Compared with these behemoths, police surveillance, with all its facial recognition, seems like child’s play. They were, however, the first to get into the game after 9/11 and the PATRIOT Act. Cameras that enable facial recognition are a tool the New York Police Department has used for decades. It is still too unreliable for courts. It is still a work

in progress.

Even so, the NYPD uses a system devised by Microsoft called Domain Awareness System. This system connects 18,000 cameras with two billion license plate readings, 100 million summonses, 54 million 911 calls, 15 million complaints, 12 million detective reports, 11 million arrests, and two million warrants. How many Androids do you think Google collects data from?

The police data is being overtaken by private data companies. *The New York Times* reports that hundreds are now getting into the facial recognition act. Companies like Clearview have scraped thousands if not millions of faces off social media and can identify and profile anyone you want, for less than \$100. Police departments around the country are using them. It’s legal.

When the people of Toronto express uneasiness about Google taking over the waterfront, they may not even be aware of the big picture. It’s not just the data; it’s the private takeover of the city, even the idea of a city.

Google’s response to their concerns is a kind of misdirection: “We believe that data collected in public space must be overseen and closely controlled by an independent and publicly accountable Data Trust, not Sidewalk Labs, Google, or any private company,” said spokesperson Keerthana Rang. This data, they say, will be overseen by an independent trust that prevents any company, including Sidewalk, from selling personal information or disclosing it to third parties without explicit consent.

These companies have always violated such commitments.

Besides, who will exercise oversight? Google is advancing the same old neoliberal agenda that has been pushed in government for decades. Privatize everything. The markets will provide the solutions. It’s even in their proposals. Real time market pricing for hotel rooms, parking spaces, energy, water, rent, and so on. Not only that, it is even more tightly centralized than the Federal government.

They know everything about everyone. The advance of surveillance capitalism depends on theft of our experience. Such asymmetrical power is inherently unjust. It is a far cry from the free cyberspace proclaimed by the old Deadhead, John Barlow.

Given the nature of the technology, can a Net that embodies Barlow’s vision of a realm free from authoritarian controls be created?

Kim Broadie taught history in New York City high schools until retirement. Only recently he discovered anarchy through PM Press and realized he has been an anarchist all his life.

He blogs at approachinganarchy.net and kimbroadie.com.

Seeing is Obeying:

Authoritarian Aesthetics & the Afterlife of Fascism in Neoliberal Democracy

CLAYTON J. PYKE

Faces covered with white masks, carrying a banner reading “Reclaim America,” chanting re-worked Nazi slogans, and waving stylized U.S. flags, 150 members of the white nationalist Patriot Front marched through Washington D.C. in early February.



Antifascist protesters blocking white nationalists, neo-Nazis, and fascist sympathizers from entering Emancipation Park in Charlottesville, Virginia on August 12, 2017

And, nothing happened. The fascists got a police escort, a photo op, and a big, fat platform.

The result of a split inside Vanguard America, another fascist formation, Patriot Front formed after their parent organization's implication in the murder of Heather Heyer during 2017's “Unite the Right” Charlottesville rally. The march in D.C. was the latest in a series of attempts to make visible, and so to legitimize, their newest version of the same tired fascist politics.

Politics is a visual art. If you control what people can or can't see, you control how they understand the world—and their ability to change it. Relatedly, if you repeat the same

imagery often enough, its content becomes the new normal. Power-grabbing politicians know all this as do power-hungry fascists.

Anarchists know it, too. We've fought with art as readily as we've fought with sticks or fists. Authority demands we accept an artificially narrowed field of vision. Anarchism asks us to challenge it. Tear down the walls. Bust the locks. Knock down the doors. Zoom out.

Existing beyond museums and art galleries, revolutionary aesthetic practices encompass sticker-slaps, banner-drops, building and defending barricades from riot cops, designing murals, posters, or throwing paint on a canvas.

All these efforts may challenge old ways of seeing. They also strive to present a radical alternative to them—new visions of a future that exists without fascism, and without the false promises of neoliberal democracy.

Fascism, however, has always relied on authoritarian tendencies already present in capitalist democracy in its route to power, and the present neoliberal context is no different. The recent fascist activity in the capital only confirms this fact.

Examining representational patterns common in contemporary fascist aesthetic practice demonstrates that these pre-existing parallel tendencies within neoliberal democracy upon which fascism relies are what frame and inform fascist cultural production and its use in efforts to legitimize fascist politics.

Contemporary fascists and fellow travelers borrow the neoliberal conceit of co-opting liberal rhetoric to recruit members and normalize their politics. Hence, why Jared Taylor's New Century Foundation claims it is a “white advocacy organization,” or why American Guard's 2017 call to action advocates “activism and service,” rather than employing more traditional and overtly incendiary fascist rhetoric.

The shadowy Detroit-based National Socialist Movement (NSM) goes even further in its transparent attempts to retrofit racist terror. Nixing the swastika from their official insignia, they opt instead for the Germanic Othala or Odal rune. It's a rune that is less commonly associated with fascism, and that connotes protecting home and heritage although its design suggests the discarded emblem.

This emphasis on protection aligns nicely with the NSM's self-identification as “America's premiere white civil rights organization” to further normalize their politics by re-purposing race war as a civil rights struggle.

In keeping with this façade, the NSM offers scholarships for college-bound white women. They also often hide the demand for racially motivated genocide in the language of conservative policy reform.

Like neoliberalism, modern fascism appropriates a reformist liberal lexicon promising greater opportunities for prosperity contingent upon accepting its broader political platform—at least, for a select few.

To define who comprises this select few, neoliberal democracy and fascism often marshal nationalist rhetoric and iconography to deepen and extend pre-existing hierarchies and oppressions. While its infatuation with freer markets ostensibly makes neoliberalism the ideological enemy of nationalism, in practice, neoliberalism's architects rely on nationalism to frame policy, foment market competition, and divide workers.

Such neoliberal logic informs the Trump administration's claims that it acts to further deregulate energy and other economic sectors while also enhancing border enforcement and exiting global trade agreements to "put America first" and "to make America once again a shining city on a hill."

Or, so the White House website informs visitors amidst photographs of U.S. flags and kneeling soldiers. Use of classically nationalist symbols and rhetoric with contemporary imagery clearly indicates nationalist myth-making is integral to framing and justifying the current U.S. neoliberal project.

Modern fascist formations likewise strategically manipulate pre-existing nationalist mythology. Because of recent successful antifascist organizing (and selective state repression) a number of contemporary fascist formations are relying even more heavily on nationalist iconography.

Take the shift in visual rhetoric visible in materials from The American Identity Movement (AIM), formerly Identity Evropa (IE).

Some of IE's earliest propaganda efforts reveal its debt to historical fascism's obsession with Greco-Roman civilization, and to Europe's racist identitarian movements. Images of marble sculpture, ranging from Michelangelo's *David* to the *Gaius Julius Caesar* of Nicolas Coustou, provide the backdrop to phrases like "Serve Your People" or—appropri-



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As if taking the German American Bund's 1939 pro-Hitler rally at Madison Square Garden as inspiration, their logo—the thirteen stars taken from the original U.S. flag arrayed around the Roman fasces—overlays artist Emanuel Luetze's obnoxiously familiar *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, all of which provides the backdrop for a quote from the slaver himself. Like AIM, Patriot Front fits its fascism into graphic depictions of nationalist mythology. And, the fit is disturbingly—but unsurprisingly—comfortable.

Violence-as-enforcement-mechanism is a key feature of neoliberalism and fascism. Because proponents of neoliberalism control the state, capitalist violence is often sanctioned. While fascists are unapologetic perpetrators of violence, state power's relative inaccessibility to them means that much fascist cultural production encourages violence or imagines the unfettered brutality following a fascist rise to power.

The fascist incitement to violence takes many forms. A common strategy is the dictator dog-whistle: wearing shirts or crafting memes featuring the former Chilean torture-state dictator Pinochet and other authoritarian demagogues. Others sport clothes bearing the initials RWDS, standing for "right-wing death squad," in another allusion to international fascist violence carried out with the U.S. government's unwavering support such as in South and Central American countries. Still others prefer apparel featuring slogans like Roof-Top Voter, suggesting they'll vote via a trigger-pull while lying in a sniper position.

The Atomwaffen Division (AWD) borrow even more

—John Gruntfest

ating Trump-brand rhetoric—"Let's Become Great Again." The suggestion is that such artworks prove the white/European cultural superiority they insist requires defending.

AIM abandons IE's European art fetish for more home-grown fare, repurposing propaganda from past inter-imperialist conflicts in service of the racial war they hope to ignite in the present.

Slogans like "Be Patriotic" are replaced with imperatives to "Defend Your Race" or Embrace your Identity." Patriot Front employs similar strategies in the headers for their online manifesto.

directly from the genocidal fascist imagination. One flyer takes as inspiration “The Day of the Rope” that neo-Nazi National Alliance founder William Luther Pierce (writing as Andrew McDonald) vividly describes in the white nationalist classic *The Turner Diaries*. This is the day that Pierce’s protagonist and his fascist brethren lynch any who are deemed “race traitors,” leaving their corpses dangling from light posts and overpasses.

To realize their version of Pierce’s vision, AWD utilizes collage, incorporating segments of actual lynching photographs with digitally created imagery. The message is clear: join, or die along with the other *untermenschen*, the Nazi term for “inferior people.”

Horrific, yet AWD’s seamless inclusion of documentary evidence highlighting America’s longstanding tradition of white racist terror is proof that the racialized violence they advocate is just an extension and amplification of the overt and covert racialized violence that has always informed American politics. And, it is still present in the day-to-day activities of the contemporary neoliberal state.

Modern fascism’s aesthetic patterns are not wholly distinct from classical fascism’s, and this is not a full and complete catalog of those patterns.

Still, anarchists have long recognized, contrary to the orthodox Marxist position viewing it as a faint echo of economic realities, that cultural production can be socially and politically constitutive. But it is a force that may either be used to re-inscribe forms of domination and control, or to help us create a world free from tyranny, domination, and oppression.

Cultural production is a crucial site for antifascist struggle. We cannot let the fascists achieve any degree of visibility. We have to continue pushing them out of sight. Fascism must be left no place to hide—in any shape or form. And, we must also help others envision and build alternatives to the bankrupt and broken capitalist society that allows fascism to exist.

Clayton J. Pyke is an anarchist educator, researcher, and organizer on the West Coast. His interests include the history of left social movements, visual culture, and radical pedagogy.

The 2020 Election



What to do while
waiting for the
Revolution

PETER WERBE

The 2020 Michigan presidential primary on March 10 marked the end of the progressive fantasy that the American political landscape could be altered by supporting U.S. Senator Bernie Sanders as the Democratic Party nominee.

Instead, it was bye-bye, Bernie, as Joe Biden swept every county in the state as voters overwhelmingly went for a candidate they thought had the best chance of defeating the execrable Trump in November.

The Democratic Party establishment was determined not to allow Sanders to transform it from its traditional center-right, pro-corporate, militarist policies into even a tepid social democratic one. Biden is the perfect candidate for the party. He is of the same mold as Obama, Clinton, Carter, Johnson, Kennedy, or Truman, all who harken back to Franklin Roosevelt’s New Deal in the 1930s. They all recognized capitalism as the heart of economic policy and defense of the empire as the keystone of foreign policy. That is not going to change through the electoral system and certainly not through the Democratic Party.

These are considerations when thinking about the relationship of anarchists to the 2020 election. We are a small, very loosely affiliated movement of people who think the political state and contests for its power are the problem. So, how do we engage in this period when the presidential contest will be the major political focus at least as presented through the media?

Saying we are loosely affiliated is even an exaggeration. As small collectives, we work in local projects and struggles, organize info shops, book stores, theater festivals, performance spaces, book fairs, and produce publications and online news sites. Anarchists are involved in any number of admirable resistance and revolution-building efforts, and often have influence in excess of our numbers.

Think of how often mass movements such as Occupy or pipeline defenses utilize the techniques developed over the generations of collective leadership, affinity groups, and direct democratic decision making.

However, our efforts have little or no impact on the current crisis within the state governing apparatus where a civil war has broken out between sectors of the ruling class. This is not to say both sides are equal, although there is much more fundamental agreement than often seems obvious.

Although committed to empire and capital, the Democrats come closer to European social democratic political formations that advocate reforms to reduce the worst features of the economy and the social structure

it produces. Whatever we may say about the function of reforms being the co-optation of revolutionary demands, life within capitalism is less miserable with the reforms that have been fought for and granted over the last century and a half.

Although many changes have been enacted, the struggle to bring reforms into being often exacted a great toll from those who campaigned for them, such as the labor movement and in the Civil Rights era.

As long as the fundamental rules are followed by reformers, that is, not challenging capitalism or the state, the system has enough flexibility to grant at least a portion of what was being demanded. Ultimately, it was to the benefit of the rulers to allow reforms. From 1848 to 1939, intense class warfare grew to such proportions that it made revolution a possibility had reforms not been granted.

Today, that is ancient history. The Trump administration is committed to rolling back many of the elemental reforms won over generations. His election has also energized a resurgent fascist movement.

Anarchists are quick to state that Trump should be contested or removed through direct action, but it's clear that large demonstrations and occupation of public space aren't enough to stop political rulers once they are committed to a policy, such as war.

So, what are our alternatives while waiting for new forms of radical struggle and formulas for resistance to emerge? Undoubtedly, there are many being created within small venues that are prefigurative, post-capitalist relationships, and innovative forms that can be effective in the real world eventually. But, there's an election in November that at this moment appears to be the only mechanism by which the U.S. can rid itself of the damage Trump has done, and which will increase if he is re-elected.

As anarchists, we can vote, but that brings shudders of indignation to those demanding adherence to a generations old principle of non-involvement in electoral or party politics.

The point has been made previously in these pages that there are so few anarchists in America, whether we all vote or none of us vote, little or no difference in outcome will occur. The best argument against voting is that it erodes the traditional anarchist critique of the state if one participates in its processes.

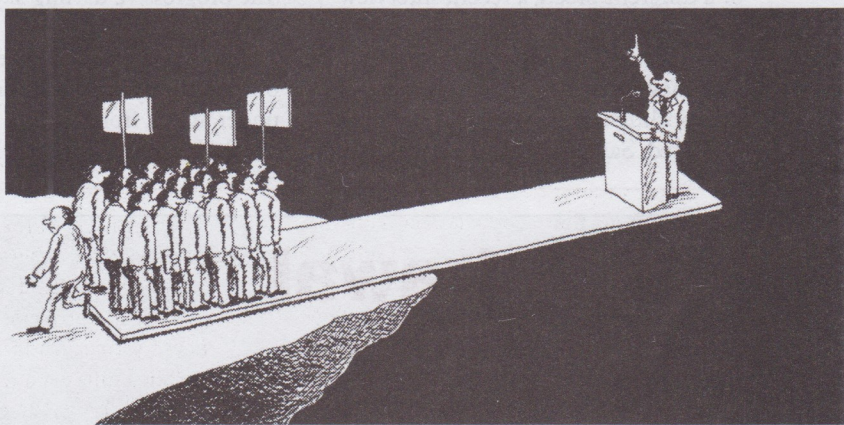
However, it's a secret ballot and with permanent absentee balloting increasingly available, it allows you to do the dirty deed with anonymity from your home while still proudly wearing a circle A on your jacket.

Whatever the result of the election is, political disaster could still lie ahead. In 1936, members of the CNT, the Spanish anarcho-syndicalist union, voted in large numbers

to elect a liberal government to hold off the repressive policies of a rival right wing party. The results were tragic. The election of the left brought on a fascist revolt and victory leading to destruction of the left and anarchists alike under a 36-year dictatorship.

Many radicals in 1964 urged voting for a liberal Democratic presidential candidate because the Republican, they feared, would involve the U.S. in a land war in Southeast Asia. The Republican lost, but the Democrat, President Lyndon Johnson, brought about what they feared most.

In February this year, U.S. intelligence agencies reported



It's a secret ballot allowing you to do the dirty deed with anonymity from your home while still proudly wearing a circle A on your jacket.

to Congress that the Russian government was intervening in the coming presidential election in the manner they did in 2016 on behalf of then-candidate Trump.

They did so out of national self-interest since the Obama administration, with Hillary Clinton as Secretary of State, had severely threatened Russia's territorial security by installing missile shields in Europe and sending U.S. tank and troop divisions close to its border.

Trump, whether in Putin's pocket, or showing uncharacteristic common sense, advocated peaceful relations with Russia. He was seen by the Kremlin as much less threatening than Clinton who expressed fealty to the Military/Industrial Complex by launching Cold War II.

It was also revealed that the Russian intelligence apparatus was aiding the candidacy of Bernie Sanders. They probably figured it was a win-win situation. Correctly or not, the Kremlin undoubtedly viewed the senator as the weakest

candidate as did the Trump campaign. However, if the socialist had prevailed, they figured he would be the Democratic candidate least likely to initiate militarist moves towards Russia.

Sanders would perhaps have been less aggressive than some of the centrist candidates, but he would be an American president, the chief operating officer of the Empire in charge of defending it. If you think he would be of a different breed, a recent interview is instructive.

As if to signal to the war hawks that they needn't worry about him dismantling the imperial war machine if elected, Sanders, in an interview on

CBS's "60 Minutes" in February, laid out the criteria under what circumstance he would deploy U.S. military forces.

He listed: "Threats against our allies. I believe in NATO," he told the interviewer.

NATO, a looming military threat to Russia, an alliance thousands of miles away from the U.S. that the Soviet Union was assured would be dismantled at the end of the Cold War. The progressive darling says, "I believe in NATO."

Sanders was asked if he would order military action if Taiwan came under attack from China. He replied, "Yeah. I mean, I think we have got to

make it clear to countries around the world that we will not sit by and allow invasions to take place, absolutely."

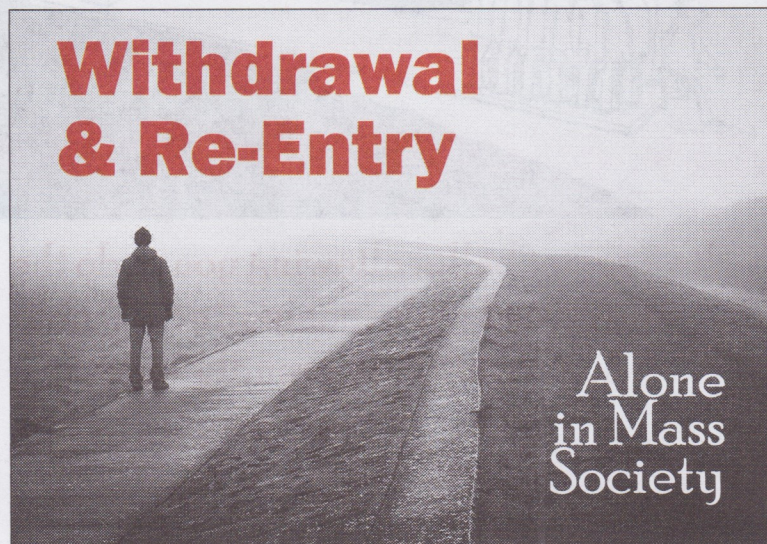
"Yeah," he says. In other words, yeah, I'll start World War III. Absolutely.

What's the choice, though, more of the Trump regime and what that will unleash on the most at-risk people and the environment?

The most we can do is what the anarchist movement has done throughout our long history: organize for revolution.

The future could depend upon it.

Peter Werbe is a member of the Fifth Estate editorial collective.



JOHN ZERZAN

Maybe the best single word that describes things today is withdrawal.

From less sexual intimacy to NASCAR attendance, there's just little interest. Clubs are closing as people retreat further into their little screens. When people go out, they are so very likely to be at their tables on their phones. Might as well be at home on the couch. (As obesity rates shoot up in an ever more sedentary culture.)

We do less socializing, have fewer friends. At anarchist websites almost the only one who posts is "anon." The tech-sphere means more trolling, less human connection.

More and more is delivered to one's door. Even the act of shopping is physically curtailed. Everything is available on-

line, even cars.

Hikikomori, a Japanese withdrawal phenomenon around for decades now means that over a million, mostly young, take to their rooms and may never come out.

In their "The Development of Shyness and Social Withdrawal" study, Rubin and Coplan refer to "a veritable explosion of research into...social withdrawal in childhood" since the 1990s. The withdrawal phenomenon has been that pronounced.

About 20 years ago, Michel Houellebecq's breakout novel, *The Elementary Particles*, depicted a world devoid of energy or hope. Like elementary particles in physics, individuals are separate and alone. Fashion models' faces, women and men, are sullen or blank. Nobody home.

The unfolding catastrophe of the physical world and its flip-side, social existence, are equally imperiled, caught in the same totalizing reality. Mass shootings and rising suicide rates are not only

spectacular forms of withdrawal, they speak loudly as to the very nature of society in late civilization

It is the totality that accounts for the ongoing, accelerating disaster. Every civilization so far has failed. Now, there's a unitary, global civilization that is visibly, grandly failing that threatens to take all life with it.

The liberal politics of vote-for-Bernie and the leftist antifa obsession each miss the point horribly. The reality is there for all to see. It is a cold epoch of withdrawal, but conceivably the hibernation will end. That may be when we are able to come to grips with the real depth of the engulfing crisis

John Zerzan writes frequently for the Fifth Estate. He lives in Eugene, Ore. where he has a weekly radio show.

Is the government ready to say:

FUCK THE DRAFT?

Since its origin 55 years ago, the Fifth Estate has always supported draft refusal and mutinies among the troops as the best tactics along with anti-war mass demonstrations for stopping the empire's endless wars.

However, a bi-partisan bill is currently before the U.S. Congress that would abolish the requirement for draft registration and related penalties. This is welcome, but the impetus for it isn't a sudden commitment to peace or a realization that conscription is slavery.

Draft registration is only being considered by the government because mass armies are no longer a necessary component of imperial war fighting. Military planners judge that troops needed for future interventions exist adequately in the volunteer, hyper-loyal Praetorian Guard and non-human war machines and cyberwarfare programming.

Representatives Peter DeFazio (D-OR) and Rodney Davis (R-IL) introduced the bill to repeal

the Military Selective Service Act meaning that young men would no longer be required to register upon their 18th birthday for a possible military draft in the future.

It also would prohibit penalties for nonregistration such as barring college financial aid, driver licenses, state jobs, or naturalization as a US citizen, and other practices through which states attempt to enforce draft registration. It maintains the rights of conscientious objectors who oppose war on ethical or religious principles. It removes the lifetime sanctions for nonregistration imposed by dozens of state laws.

The second part may seem contradictory, but it assures that those who have been penalized over the past 40 years of required registration will no longer suffer from their courageous choice. Millions of men are not in compliance with the law which requires a current address be on file with the Selective Service system.

The House bill includes everything anti-draft and anti-war organizations

and activists asked the National Commission on Military, National, and Public Service (NCMNPS) to include in its recommendations to Congress. According to anti-draft activist and former political prisoner for draft registration refusal, Edward Hasbrouck, Congress won't take up the bill until after the election this year and may instead extend draft registration to young women to deal with challenges stemming from having only men being effected.

The latter choice could create a great social upheaval on the part of women amidst the chaos created by tens of millions of women being forced to register and perhaps the launching of a new anti-draft, anti-militarism movement.

Fuck the Draft!

See Winter 2020 Fifth Estate, "Will there be a new military draft?" by Edward Hasbrouck, and resister.info. Thanks to Edward for the information in this article.

Classic Anti-Authoritarian Posters

FUCK THE DRAFT – First issued in 1968 during the Vietnam War. The ultimate refusal of forced conscription. Burning draft card photo from 1967 March on the Pentagon.

FUCK AUTHORITY – Originally an enclosure in a 1976 Fifth Estate issue.

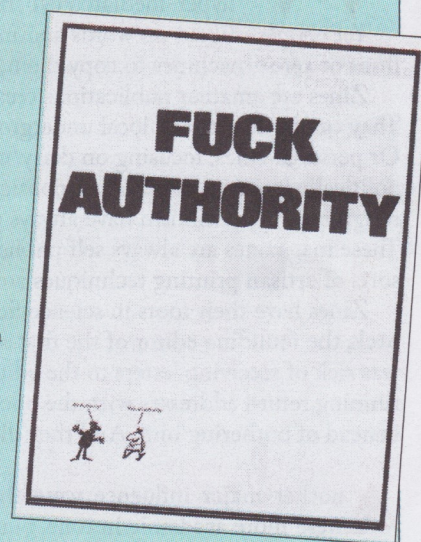
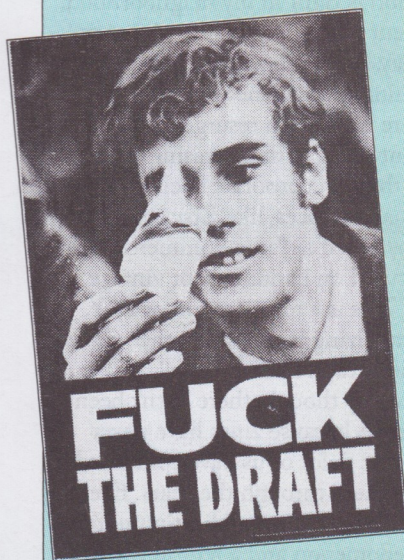
Posters are reproduced on 90 lb gloss photo paper; mailed rolled in a cardboard tube.

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\$25 for both plus \$5 postage

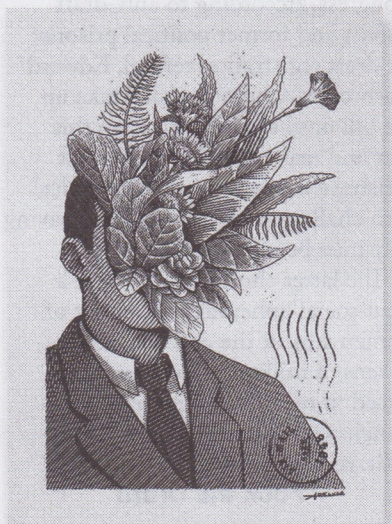
\$25 plus \$5 postage for a subscription and one poster

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Samizdat & Xerography: Why Zines Refuse to Die



—Lok Zine

JASON RODGERS

Why would someone continue to read and publish xeroxed zines two decades into the 21st century? Didn't the technocracy announce that this variety of underground publishing was superseded by the hyper-mediated cybernetic dream web?

Yet people still cut up words and images and glue them on paper. They stand in front of xerox machines to copy them, and then staple the pages together.

Zines are amateur publications created out of passion rather than for money. They can be about your local underground music or international tape trade scene. Or personal zines, focusing on diary/memoir style writing. Misanthropes publish politically incorrect rants. Anti-political anarchists publish fringe polemics. The rough edges of feminism have always played a role. Or, bookish, nerdy obsessions. These magazines are always self published, mostly with copy machines, but all sorts of artisan printing techniques are used.

Zines have their roots in science fiction fanzines of the 1930s. Hugo Gernsback, the founding editor of the first science fiction publication, *Amazing Stories*, was sick of receiving letters to the editor with nit-picky criticism. He began running return addresses with the ones he printed so fans could write each other instead of bothering him. And they did, giving birth to science fiction fanzines.

Another major influence were the literary, so-called little magazines. These were more academic in tone, but there were definitely some wild ones in the bunch, such as Diane DiPrima and Amiri Baraka's *Floating Bear* and Fug band member Ed Sanders' *Fuck You: a Journal of the Arts*. In the 1960s, underground newspapers such as the *Fifth Estate*, *East Village Other*, and the *Berkeley Barb*,

provided the informational structure for the counterculture revolution.

The most common period associated with zines is the 1980s and '90s. One of the major players then was Mike Gunderloy. In 1982, he began publishing a review zine called *Factsheet 5* with a policy of reviewing everything sent to him, including offensive and controversial titles.

He thought it would be interesting to get people from different subcultures talking, to connect the anarchists to the science fiction people, the avant-garde literary types to the punks. He hoped to create cross pollination, and he did!

Factsheet 5 grew to the point where Gunderloy quit his day job and worked full time reviewing zines. Or, more accurately, 80 hours a week. This is what eventually did him in. He was burnt out.

In 1990, he gave the zine to Henry Luce, who published only one issue, which was universally hated. The ownership then moved onto R. Seth Friedman, who was accused by some of trying to capitalize on the 1990s "zine explosion."

Gunderloy ended up donating all his thousands of zines to the New York State Library in Albany, New York. The collection is right in my neighborhood, so I spent a few years visiting it every Saturday. At the same time, I've been publishing review zines for years.

There has been a resurgence of zines in recent years, with increasing visibility for them in corporate backed craft/DIY/marketspaces, like Etsy.com, that describes itself as "an e-commerce website focused on handmade or vintage items." This is a recuperation of DIY, contextualizing it as just another gig in precarious capitalism.

In reality though, there hasn't been resurgence, because zines have never gone away. A lot of us have continued making them through the years. Ever so often, a mainstream publication notices the phenomenon and a reporter writes about it as if they've discovered some hidden corner of publishing.

Zines are a statement that there is a qualitative difference between print and digital media. They are a revolt against the social media that dominate our society.

To publish a zine in the 21st century is to make a conscious decision. They are a statement that there is a qualitative difference between print and digital media. It is a revolt against the social media that dominate our society.



There are a few publications that are networking zines. These focus on zine reviews in order to put zinesters in contact with each other. PJM publishes *Node Pajamo*. I publish one of the other primary review zines: *Asymmetrical*

There are plenty of zinesters who have continued to publish from the 1980s. The Irreverend Suzy Crowbar still publishes the quirky *Popular Reality*. It grew out of a Yuppies '80s offshoot, The Shimo Underground, characterized by an anarchic attitude, humor, and lots of feuds. These days it has more experimental literature, psychedelic art, and jokes. It was crucial in the development of post-left anarchy, but anarchism (with an ism) was always too ideological for Crowbar. She recently decided to become more mysterious, so you'll have to do some digging to get in contact.

Anti-Media. It reviews zines, music, and mail art, but only includes publications with postal mailing addresses hoping to encourage people to send their zines to each other as trade.

Trade is a crucial aspect of the zine community, which unfortunately seems to be less common now. Publishers send copies of their zine to other zines that interest them, in hopes of receiving a trade back. I like to imagine that zine trades are a counter-economic activity that helps to bring back gift economy.

There are a number of zine projects that attempt to preserve and revive forgotten and forbidden historical heresies. Until recently, there was *Enemy Combatant*, that published >>>

Some sample zines among the hundreds

Node Pajamo (PJM, PO Box 2632, Bellingham, WA 98227) is one of the major review zines. PJM manages to be both snarky & good hearted in his reviews.

mOnocle Lash Anti-Press (c/o Olchar E. Lindsann, 2027 Mountain View Terrace SW, Roanoke, VA 24015) is another wonderful project that wants to preserve the strangest of the historical countercultural tradition. They publish zines, flyers, and TLPs (Tacky Little Pamphlets) of bleeding edge experimental poetics and historical pieces about the forgotten history of the avant-garde and counterculture.

Untorelli Press (c/o The Future, PO Box 3133, Bloomington, IN 47402) preserves wondrous anarchist texts. They put out a collection of egoist, illegalist Albert Libertard's writing, reprinted John Moore's *Book of Levelling* (ecstatic visionary primitivism) and a number of other zines focused on insurrection and queer nihilism.

Apio Ludd's *My Own* attacks the shackles of civilization on the basis of egoism, using the weapons of poetics

and humor. He does not want his address available on the Internet, so you are going to have to track it down.

Anchorage Anarchy (Bad Press, PO Box 230332, Anchorage, AK 99523-0332) is a long running individualist anarchist zine. It is market anarchist oriented, but anti-capitalist.

Cheap Toys (Giz c/o CIRA, 50, Rue Consolat 13001, Marseille, France) is a bilingual (French & English) anarcho-punk zine.

Mission Mini-Comix (1930 Mission St. Unit 102, San Francisco, CA 94103-3482) are the masters of the mini-comix format. Issues vary between political activist, dark surrealism, personal recollections about drug abuse, and queer humor.

Ear of Corn (Food, PO Box 6061, Saginaw, MI 48608) is a music zine that seemingly reviews every obscure metal and noise release put out by a micro-label composed of one weirdo.

Letterfounder (Answer Shirker Press, PO Box 392, Lewiston, ME 04243) Each issue brings together a selection of texts and images drawn from their mail.

Contents include poetry, collage, political polemics, and personal writing.

Paracosm Press (PO Box 3365, Bloomington, IN 474202) puts out a number of interesting zines critiquing how the decline of counterculture experimentation has pushed anarchists to fall back into activism, leftism, and moralism.

Clumsy (Agatha Thrash, PO Box 3426, Bloomington, IN 47402) is a personal oriented zine. The material that makes the biggest impact is her writing about abusive relationships..

Fiddler's Green (PO Box 10146, Berkeley, CA 94709) subtitled "Art & Magic for Tea Drinking Anarchists, Convivial Conjurers & Closeted Optimists." Produced by letter press and full of interesting writing on magic, spirituality, and speculative fiction.

The easiest way to order a zine is to wrap a couple of dollars cash in a note stating what you want to order, placing it in an envelope, affixing a stamp, and placing it in a mail box.

JR

extremist forms of anarchy focusing on egoist material, but also including illegalist, anti-civ, lunatic fringe, queer, and occult material. It forced a historical revision of the anarchist tradition, showing there has always been much more strangeness than would make a lot of anarchists comfortable. Unfortunately, they recently ceased publishing.

There are a number of other zines devoted to unearthing fringe and radical history. mOnocle Lash Anti-Press focuses on obscure experimental, avant-garde, post-neo-absurdist, and utopian literature from the 19th century to the present.

No Quarter, published by David Tighe, started out as an exploration of early 20th century illegalist anarchists and pirates. Now, it has moved on to a more general radical history, with special interest in the fringe.

Untorelli Press produces wonderful zines focusing on individualist anarchy (of the insurrectionary and illegalist variety) and queer nihilism.

One might wonder why people who want to abolish history would want to preserve historical texts. There is a difference between what an anti-civ type dreams of and Winston Smith in *1984* throwing dissenting records into the memory hole. The Internet erases memory, so it is to the advantage of iconoclasts to attempt to preserve underground culture.

In his zine "How Do We Know?" Olchar Lindsann, of mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press, writes, "No archivist I know expects digitized media to last more than another generation. This offers radical communities a unique opportunity: when the Internet falls, an event of even greater significance than the destruction of the Library of Alexandria, much of official culture will be wiped out of existence. Henceforth, the histories will be written on the basis of what was preserved in print."

Another important advantage is that reading from print, as opposed to the screen, allows a much greater retention and

ability to process the material being read. In his 2010 book, *The Shallows What the Internet Is Doing to Our Brains*, Nicholas Carr provides a compelling argument that the Internet encourages a form of reading that could be characterized as hyper-skimming. It discourages deep reading. This in turn makes it difficult to process the material being read into long term memory, which is necessary to process information.

If we want to communicate with people in meaningful ways it is crucial to use forms that are capable of doing so. This is particularly true if we are interested in engaging people in a manner that encourages them to think about ideas for themselves, rather than parrot ideological slogans.

Radicals often talk about reaching what authoritarian leftists call the masses. What a terrible way to think of communication, turning it into a quantitative measure directed towards who they perceive as a homogeneous blob.

Rather than aim at masses, a better goal is to reach people within a narrow ideological confine. The Internet encourages communication based on filter bubbles, a sort of echo chamber. Zines, on the other hand, have no difficulty connecting with others. It is as simple as leaving a zine somewhere. This can be someplace where our kindred spirits congregate, such as an infoshop or a record store. I have left thousands of zines in random or strategic places over the years.

Zines continue to exist and are even more devoted to creating, with fewer illusions of commercial success. They have the ability to resonate across time, to be important years or even decades from when they were published. I doubt that a tweet shares this power.

Jason Rodgers publishes a multitude of zines and flyers. *Asymmetrical Anti-Media* is a regularly appearing review zine. Other recent communiques include "Affinity and the Passional Conspiracy" and "Command Lines, Control Lines." They are available by mail: PO Box 10894, Albany, NY 12201.



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Home is Where the Hatred Is This is What Domestic Terrorism Looks Like

CARA HOFFMAN

More than a decade ago I worked as a newspaper reporter in a rural New York State town. For a time, I covered the police beat, and was tasked with picking up the crime blotter each morning to see if there were noteworthy crimes.

On my first day of work in a town with a population of 1,800, the chief of police told me he wouldn't release the blotter. "We got no crimes to report," he said. "only domestics."

"If someone robs the grocery store or gets stopped for DUI" he said "I'll let you know."

At other regional newspapers, part of my job was reviewing the blotter from state police headquarters and from the local police departments, neither of which balked at giving it to me. These documents were long lists of men's names followed by the crimes they'd committed.

Working as a crime reporter, even for the smallest publications, these patterns emerge. "Domestic" crimes—harassment, stalking, battery, rape, and death threats occurred with nearly the same frequency each week. The only other crimes that occurred as often were drug offenses.

I did not live in a particularly violent region of the country, still every hollow and hillside has these stories, these "domestics," creating an atmosphere of terror for the women experiencing them, but ubiquitous enough to be unmemorable, considered insignificant on a broader scale.

Invariably though, the people known for mistreating others, if not stopped, commit acts that are more violent. Like

the man who murdered his girlfriend's two-year-old child, or the man who slaughtered a herd of cows with a shotgun then set his house on fire because he was "angry at his wife," or the graduate student who slit his wife's throat in a public park, or the man who raped and killed a thirteen year old and propped her body in a standing position between two dumpsters. or the men who gang raped, murdered, and buried a twenty-two-year-old woman and dumped her body in a ditch near an Indian reservation, thinking police might be thrown off their trail.

I covered crimes like these in the Rust Belt, and in farming communities, and there was little variation in the cynical way they were received by the public and by law enforcement.

This callousness is its own form of propaganda; a clear message that it's a roll of the dice for women; up to their own "good" or "smart" or "careful" behavior whether or not they end up in that ditch. The ubiquity of violence against women also sends a message to dissociate, to look upon a depiction of your own body, ruined and put out like trash, and to barely see it.

This imposed invisibility makes each act of brutality seem discreet—disputes between two people, not crimes that are part of a system founded in hate, as long-standing and cruel as racism. A system that could cause a chief in rural law enforcement, as recently as the early '00s, to believe assaulting and terrorizing a human being was not a crime, but that robbing a grocery store was.

Once, after I had moved on from the town of 1,800, I ran into the chief of police at an ice cream stand. He was

There is **no word** like **lynching or pogrom** to describe **gender-based violence**, no word like **apartheid** to describe the centuries of **oppression, murder, and inequality** women live with.

wearing his gun—a rarity. I asked him why. A man had some trouble with his lady, he said, so he paid them a visit. The man was holding her in their house threatening to kill her and kill himself. It's all sorted out, he said with a shrug, nobody got hurt.

With the ongoing revelations of open secrets in Hollywood and in media, the statements issued by women in the arts, the #MeToo campaign holding men accountable for their actions, it's easy to think that we are in the midst of a watershed moment for women who work in culture.

It is tempting to think that this watershed moment might trickle down to all women, that together we rise, that someday soon there might be fewer stalkers and rapists on the blotter, fewer mass shootings by men who got their start beating a girlfriend. I would like to believe that.

My fear is that it might be the other way around, that the treatment of women living in places like northern Appalachia and in what are smugly referred to as the flyover states, dictate a great deal about the culture of misogyny in this country. And, that no amount of typing #MeToo as a facebook status has changed the implicit threat of physical violence and economic sanction that continues to be levied against women in every sector of society, and that emboldens abusive men.

One cannot talk about gender without context.

The economic reality is that women belong to a class of people who in the U.S. were prevented by law from voting until 1920, who were prevented for centuries from attaining education, from owning property, from having private bank accounts, who could not obtain their own credit cards until 1974, who were told it was the natural order for them to work harder and receive less pay, and who, even in the highest positions must maintain perpetual vigilance to avoid physical attacks and exploitation by people who hate us for our gender, and benefit from our lack of power.

What does that sound like?

Every woman who goes along with coercive behavior, has at the deepest levels, an understanding of where resisting has gotten an unlucky sister. Every woman who does speak up knows the potential risks. The loss of a job, the bullying, or worse.

Ten thousand women are murdered in this country every year by men, half of whom were once their intimate partners. That's double the number of soldiers killed in the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan—yearly. Mass murder on the installment plan. If change is to happen, it rides on women understanding that the face staring up from that ditch is our own.

The fact that there is no word like lynching or pogrom to describe gender-based violence, no word like apartheid to

describe the centuries of oppression, murder, and inequality women live with, can't hide the fact that sexism is a terror campaign—one that only gets attention when it spills over and takes the lives of bystanders.

Devin Kelly, the 2017 Texas church shooter who committed the worst mass murder in the state's history had, a repressive, misogynist system of support that allowed him to escalate from sending threatening texts and abusing women to murdering 26 people in cold blood. There were vigils and talks about gun control and debates about why some shootings are labeled as terrorism and others are not.

But by the end of the week, that same number of women had been murdered by men and no one said a word.

Cara Hoffman is the author of three novels, including *So Much Pretty*, and, most recently, *Running*, a *New York Times* Editor's Choice. She lives in Athens, Greece.

Mercalli scale

ROBIN DELLABOUGH

For every child born craving and abandoned
every child whose belly bulged with emptiness
every child who cried alone in a bare white room
every child wounded by a father, uncle, grandfather
every child told to pick up guns against other children
every child who worked below dank ground
every child shaken, burned, bruised:
for every child who has ever endured,
may an infinite army of children march
across bridges, invade cities, skulk in forests,
steal into beds, cram rivers, swarm roads,
the sound of small-footed multitudes a rageful roar
growing louder and louder until one great unceasing howl
cracks open this unspeakable earth to swallow
those who ever hurt a single child.

Robin Dellabough is a poet, editor and writer. Her poems have appeared in numerous small press publications, and she has written, edited and contributed to more than sixty books. She lives in Irvington, N.Y.



Anarchists & Anti-Vaxxers Share a Distrust of the Medical Establishment & the State

Anarchists & Vaccines

BRUCE TRIGG

A four year old from Colorado recently died from influenza. According to news accounts, the child's mother frequented Facebook sites run by groups promoting conspiracy theories about the dangers of vaccines and conventional medical treatments; so-called anti-vaxxers.

Instead of giving the anti-viral medication prescribed by the child's pediatrician, the mother followed online advice she received and treated her child with home remedies involving placing cucumbers and potatoes on his head.

Can we learn anything from this tragedy and the role played by the anti-vaxxer Facebook site? What does it mean for parents of young children? And what does it mean for anarchists who oppose state coercion and also believe in a just and equitable world.

Life in this late capitalist world is challenging both intellectually and emotionally. The complexities of modern life often demand that we put our trust in scientists, medical experts, officials, and politicians who may be self-serving, arrogant, condescending, or corrupt. We are bombarded incessantly with advertising, false information, and celebrity worshipping trivia.

Acquiring accurate and factual info about current events, public health, science and medicine requires both time and

skills to separate the wheat from the chaff. With the vast amount of information we are exposed to every day, this can feel like an impossible task. The growth of the anti-vaxx movement is in part an outgrowth of increasing access to unfiltered, unverified information, a profound distrust of our current structures of power, and skepticism about the motives of a for-profit health care system.

Parents of young children experience these pressures first hand when they bring their precious young infant to a busy medical provider who they may be meeting for the first time. They will be given an often incomprehensible consent form that lists frightening, but rare complications that may occur from immunizations. The parent learns that the infant will need to be immunized against 14 diseases in the first two years and receive three or four injections at this first visit.

After returning home, they may consult the Internet to learn more about vaccines. Perhaps they have already heard news about controversies concerning them. On Facebook, they are likely to receive frightening information presented often with slick videos that warn of dangers from vaccination.

Often, the parents have never even heard of many of these diseases since they have been virtually extinct in the U.S. for decades. The fact that these diseases have disappeared only because the vast majority of infants and children are vaccinated is unlikely to be mentioned. A growing number of parents faced with such frightening and passionate arguments of the anti-vaxxers choose not to immunize their children.

Herd immunity is the term that describes how a community is protected from infectious diseases only if a high proportion of at-risk individuals have been immunized. Vaccinating children and adults is a form of social solidarity or community defense. Understandably, this is not widely discussed in a society that is heavily invested in the ethos of rugged individualism.

It is also unlikely that a harried medical practitioner will take the time to explain this social contract of immunizations to a parent who brings their child for their "baby shots."

Vaccines are generally safe and effective. The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) considers childhood immunization to be one for the 10 most important public health innovations of the 20th century. The World Health Organization (WHO) estimates that vaccinations prevent 2 to 3 million deaths worldwide each year while an additional 1.5 million preventable deaths occur due to the lack of immunizations. The WHO calls "vaccine hesitancy" one of the 10 greatest threats to global health.

There are complex reasons that children may not be im-

munized. Lumping all these parents into the anti-vaxxer category is misleading, and simplistic. This is why the WHO prefers the less judgmental term of "vaccine hesitancy."

After all, many people in the U.S. have poor access to medical care which may explain why their children are not immunized. Immigrants have reason to fear that receiving immunizations could lead to being ensnared by ICE immigration authorities.

Parents who are being constantly exposed to child rearing fear mongering may be frightened or confused about the risks and benefits of immunization. There is an organized anti-vaccine propaganda pipeline funneling large numbers of parents towards anti-vaxxers activist groups.

One example is a 2016 film, "Vaxxed," by Andrew Wakefield, a British physician, now living in the U.S., whose medical license was revoked for his fraudulent research linking measles vaccination to autism. Despite numerous studies refuting that study, the connection between autism and immunizations continues to be promulgated by the anti-vaxxers.

Should anarchists support public health and government laws and regulations that mandate childhood vaccinations in order for children to attend school? What about mandating annual flu shots for adults?

Even if we do not require adults to be vaccinated, should it be permissible for an adult to deny vaccination to their own children thereby placing the child and other children at unnecessary risk? These are not easy questions to answer, especially for those who are opposed to government coercion and believe in rights of free association.

The anti-vaxxer movement consists of a loose network of activist groups often infused with extreme-rightwing ideology and its own blend of consumerism. For example, the notorious conspiracy theorist and right-wing TV talk show host, Alex Jones, rants against the evils of big government and vaccines while promoting sales of expensive supplements to treat illnesses.

More mainstream celebrities like movie actor Gwyneth Paltrow advocate against vaccines while selling New Age lifestyle accoutrements from her online store. Unsurprisingly, Donald Trump has repeatedly voiced skepticism about vaccines until he recently flip-flopped when faced with pressure during a recent measles outbreak.

Many radicals share with anti-vaxxers a distrust of pharmaceutical corporations that profit from vaccines. Unconscionably high prices are charged for many vaccines, such as shingles and HPV, despite the fact that most research and clinical trials on them are publicly-funded and are often conducted by public universities and public health agencies. It is the high cost rather than vaccine hesitancy that is the main reason for millions to go without life-saving immunizations in the Global South.

As anarchists, we share some of the concerns that wor-



We can support and create alternative healthcare and public health structures that are outside the state and capital.

ried parents feel when they struggle with conflicting opinions on how to best care for their child. We share their desire for greater freedom and transparency and their distrust of government and the profit motive of pharmaceutical corporations.

But our anti-capitalist perspective allows us to see how the profit motive both drives disinformation about the science behind vaccines and impedes access to vaccines worldwide. We can provide an alternative libertarian perspective to counter right-wing conspiracy paranoia that falsely frames the issue as an irreconcilable conflict of the individual versus society.

Anarchists believe in democratic, participatory, community-based, non-profit, and non-hierarchical alternatives to the current health care system. There is a significant movement among many anarchists to learn about traditional health care treatment such as Chinese medicine, acupuncture, indigenous people's herbal medicines, and other healing practices. This is both to circumvent the modern capitalist medical exploitation machine and to learn more sustainable ways of living in the environment beyond government. The challenge in this context is learning how to develop this tendency while not denying the value of modern medical practices, and to balance alternatives intelligently.

We should demand that vaccines be made available for free throughout the world. We can also support and create alternative healthcare and public health structures that are outside the state and capital such as Common Ground's mutual aid free clinics in post-Katrina New Orleans. And, join and support the growing movement for community controlled health research.

Anarchists understand in our theory and practice that individual rights and the needs of community are not irreconcilable. Democratically-controlled and informed communities, rather than the state, is ultimately where these decisions and conflicts must be worked out.

Bruce Trigg is a public health physician and addiction medicine consultant who lives and works in NYC. He worked for three years in the Indian Health Service in Native American communities in New Mexico and Arizona.



"A Wyandot Village" — Fran Maedel

What the European Invaders Discovered

Anarchy in the Midwest

ROB BLURTON

When 17th century Europeans arrived in the Great Lakes region, they discovered Native Americans living in what today we would call an anarchist society. These Lake natives had horizontal social relationships governed by kin obligations and employed consensus decision-making.

A frustrated missionary called them "strangers to civil power and authority." Another observer noted that "no chief dared to rule over the people, as in that case he would immediately be forsaken, and by the whole tribe, and his counselors would refuse to assist him."

In other words, if a Great Lakes chief tried to command anyone, the issue instantly became his imperious attitude rather than whatever he wanted done. Indian taskmasters were considered an unacceptable social malignancy. They rapidly found themselves without followers, and quite possibly killed.

Inspirational natives that whites called chiefs were not overlords, but instead highly respected men and women that had shown competence and good sense in the past. Civil leaders (*ogimaag* in the Algonquian language) were accomplished orators with wisdom and experience who tried to keep the peace. War *ogimaag* were combat veterans with a record of low-casualty military success. Villages often formed around gifted *ogimaag*, but such influencers remained peers, and none had

any capacity beyond rhetoric to compel obedience.

This world view reflects strong dedication to what we call anarchist principles, though not the peace-and-love variety. Call it instead a live-and-let-live ethos, underwritten by occasional brutality.

Anthropologist Pierre Clastres suggests that strife among modern Amazonian hunter-gatherers previously attributed to resource competition is actually part of a deliberate effort to thwart state formation. Chiefs are closely monitored by their tribes, and Clastres assures us that those who visibly lusted after power are quickly abandoned or worse.

Along this same line, primatologist Christopher Boehm posits that edged weapons provided a significant leap forward for hunter-gatherer egalitarians, permitting weaker individuals to combine and assassinate bully bosses.

This capacity restrained arbitrary actions by potential tyrants. (Think GIs fragging their officers in Vietnam: Awareness of a violent practice can make its threat alone sufficient to achieve the desired outcome.)

Not all Native American cultures were organized in anti-authoritarian ways, of course. Southern Indians such as the Aztecs, Incas, and Mayans practiced intensive maize cultivation that spawned imperial cities. This made their empires coercive hierarchies.

Corn-fueled Mississippian culture also had an elite class that extracted food by force from who were considered social inferiors. Penetrating deep into North America, their largest city at Cahokia, near modern day St. Louis, topped out at about 40,000 people in 1100 CE, twice that of contemporary London. Big permanent populations need lots to eat, requiring gang bosses to organize scaled-up farming activity.

Things evolved differently around the Great Lakes. Cooler climates restrict agricultural surplus. Cold-weather resource scarcity makes aboriginal societies more decentralized, as they must separate into



North America in 1800: The U.S., a slave republic on stolen land. Genocide and ethnic cleansing are soon completed.

microbands every winter to follow their seasonal round. Evidence indicates that hunter-gatherers with broad-spectrum diets had to be forced to settle down on farms. Given the food facts, this is a rational choice. Mississippian mortuary data verify that Native Americans shifting from a hunter-gatherer lifeway to an agrarian one saw their health decline significantly.

To this nutritional stress can be added slavery, since mass-agriculture's bounty of cheap calories establishes a "class of social parasites who grow fat on food seized from others," according to historian Jared Diamond. No wonder that unfettered hunter-gatherers, even those doubling as horticulturalists, tended to stay out of the city-building business.

Great Lakes natives recognized high-status ogimaag, but they knew no bosses. Rejecting coercion among themselves, they naturally resisted any imposed from without. Prior to European contact, some Indian nations had already started forming inter-tribal alliances, such as the Iroquois Confederation along the southern shore of Lake Ontario.

As whites pushed relentlessly westward, similar borderland combinations arose in New England, the South, Ohio, and around the Great Lakes. These east-of-the-Mississippi resistance movements came together in waves that lasted until the Black Hawk War in 1832, resisting enforcement of the ethnic cleansing 1830 Indian Removal Act.

The most ambitious native armed struggle during this period was an earlier surge of resistance known as Pontiac's Rebellion in 1763-1764. This asymmetric attack against British

troops traversed hundreds of miles of territory, and forced the Crown to acknowledge Indian independence following the Seven Years War that spanned the globe beginning in 1756. A resulting royal proclamation curtailed white settlement west of the Appalachian Mountains. Predictably, American impatience with London's restriction on land larceny from native people soon became a leading cause of the 1776 colonial revolt.

More historically obscure than Pontiac's Rebellion was another confederation episode twenty years later that faced off against now-independent America in 1783. This particular self-defense movement reached its apotheosis inside the Maumee Valley and along the Sandusky River in the 1790s. While based in Ohio, the majority of its warriors came from Michigan's Three Fires nations, the Ojibwe, Odawa, and Potawatomi.

These confederated militants refused to cede any more land to the U.S. Recruiting more comrades was easy as relentless territorial pressure created ever more irreconcilables. Native military victories against U.S. invasions of Ohio in 1790 and 1791 further increased their numbers. Sympathetic British agents supplied the alliance with munitions, and urged them on with promises of Redcoat assistance against the land-hungry Yankees.

In this way, the theft of Ohio became the United States' first imperial war of aggression. It was orchestrated by the slave republic's cunning president, George Washington. Dubbed the Town Destroyer by natives, Washington was a narcissistic, real-estate scammer and white-supremacist sociopath who assumed office in 1789. Always the sharper, he feigned interest in negotiation while launching three military assaults on the Ohio borderlands. Each was larger than the last, and all were aimed squarely at the Maumee Valley.

U.S. forces first targeted Kekionga, in present day Indiana, the confederation's nerve center at the Maumee's headwaters. Once that inter-tribal nexus was incinerated, American soldiers then burned and looted their way downriver through a series of multicultural villages and expansive cornfields concentrated around the confluence with the Auglaize River.

The Glaize, as this area was known, was 50 miles southwest of what is now Toledo, Ohio, home to several tribes in permanent residence and included a sub-village of European traders and artisans who were part of the alliance. It had hosted a huge 1792 pan-Indian council attended by thousands of natives from over twenty nations. The Glaize's lush gardens and sprawling maize cultivation could support such gatherings, and made it the movement's breadbasket.

After annihilating this remarkable polyglot community, U.S. forces led by Major-General "Mad Anthony" Wayne's horse-drawn genocide machine then rolled down the Maumee Rapids, torching everything that would ignite. U.S. Army howitzers blasted through a thin Indian defensive line at

Fallen Timbers in August 1794, but forward progress then stalled before a British fort located at the foot of the rapids. Since neither the United States nor Great Britain wanted war in 1794, Americans declined to assault the fort, and its Redcoat garrison refused to fight alongside desperate natives.

Indian defeat at Fallen Timbers was only a minor military setback, but it had major psychological consequences. Outnumbered tribesmen now understood that their British allies would not mobilize to help them, which collapsed warrior morale and fragmented the alliance. Moving into the breach, Wayne's victorious troops quickly built forts at Kekionga and The Glaize, allowing the gout-ridden general to dictate terms to Ohio's hungry and demoralized natives at the Treaty of Greene Ville.

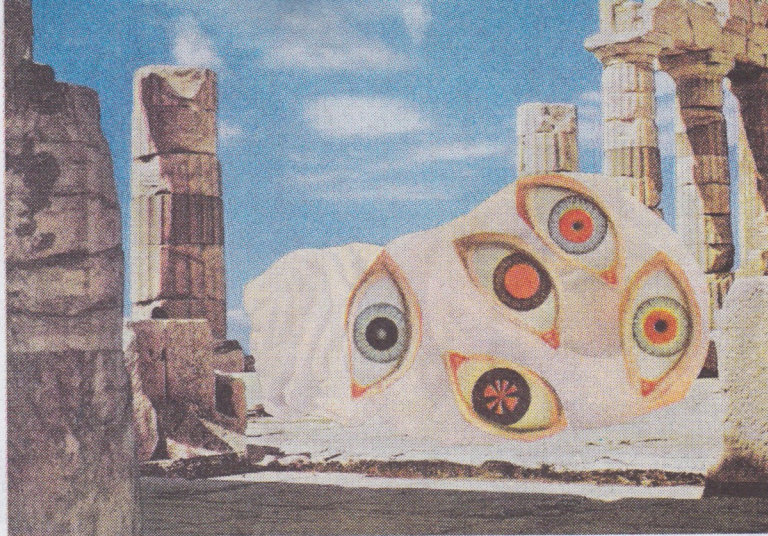
Indian militants not neutralized at Greene Ville regrouped in Michigan, Indiana, and Ontario, and from there emerged the most famous Great Lakes confederation inspired by the legendary Tecumseh in 1805–1813.

Smaller than its 1790s predecessor, Tecumseh's entente still required artillery assistance from Great Britain, which finally happened during the War of 1812. In that forgotten conflict's crowded first year, allied natives supported by British cannon enjoyed much military success. They captured two strategic U.S. bases at Detroit and Mackinac Island, and partially reoccupied the Maumee Valley. Then, the iron hand of logistics took hold. An American naval victory on Lake Erie in September 1813 cut off Crown supplies to Michigan, causing a precipitous British-Indian retreat into Canada.

This military catastrophe crumbled the alliance. Anguished warriors watching their families starve chose to cut deals with arrogant American conquerors.

Tecumseh fought on with his last diehard cohort against a U.S. invasion of Ontario, and there he was martyred in October 1813. His death in combat against The Empire provides closing punctuation for a millennia of anarchist freedom in the Great Lakes Basin.

Rob Blurton has written often for the Fifth Estate. He lives in the Detroit area.



The Liberation of the Word

STEVEN CLINE

The liberation of the word & the liberation of the world are codependent. Revolutionary writing should not be grammatically pure, disinterested or unpoetic. It should not be written from the cold vantage point of an absent silent god.

Anarchists we call ourselves—& yet we still gaze out towards Papa/Mama Syntax for permission, still we coo. We control & we deny. We hold back the shy yet flickering wet orifice of imagination's best trickster—Wildness.

We trim out all the fat. The subgrowth of the automatic voice is ignored. And we feel smugly satisfied. We feel Well Polished & Dirt-Free. Yet our deepest inner gaze has been ushered away, exiled.

In the name of King Logic we have stupidly embraced our very own steel coffin. We are complicit in Empire, because our texts propagate Empire's tomb-world existence. Where does the joyful Aardvark reside within these dull political texts? Where swims the spittle? Our fragile vitality has been deadducked & dulled beneath our own traitorous hand.

Comprehension & realism & the perils of the academic citadel. These are not our tools, *and they never will be*. Abandon & disperse, O, revolutionists.

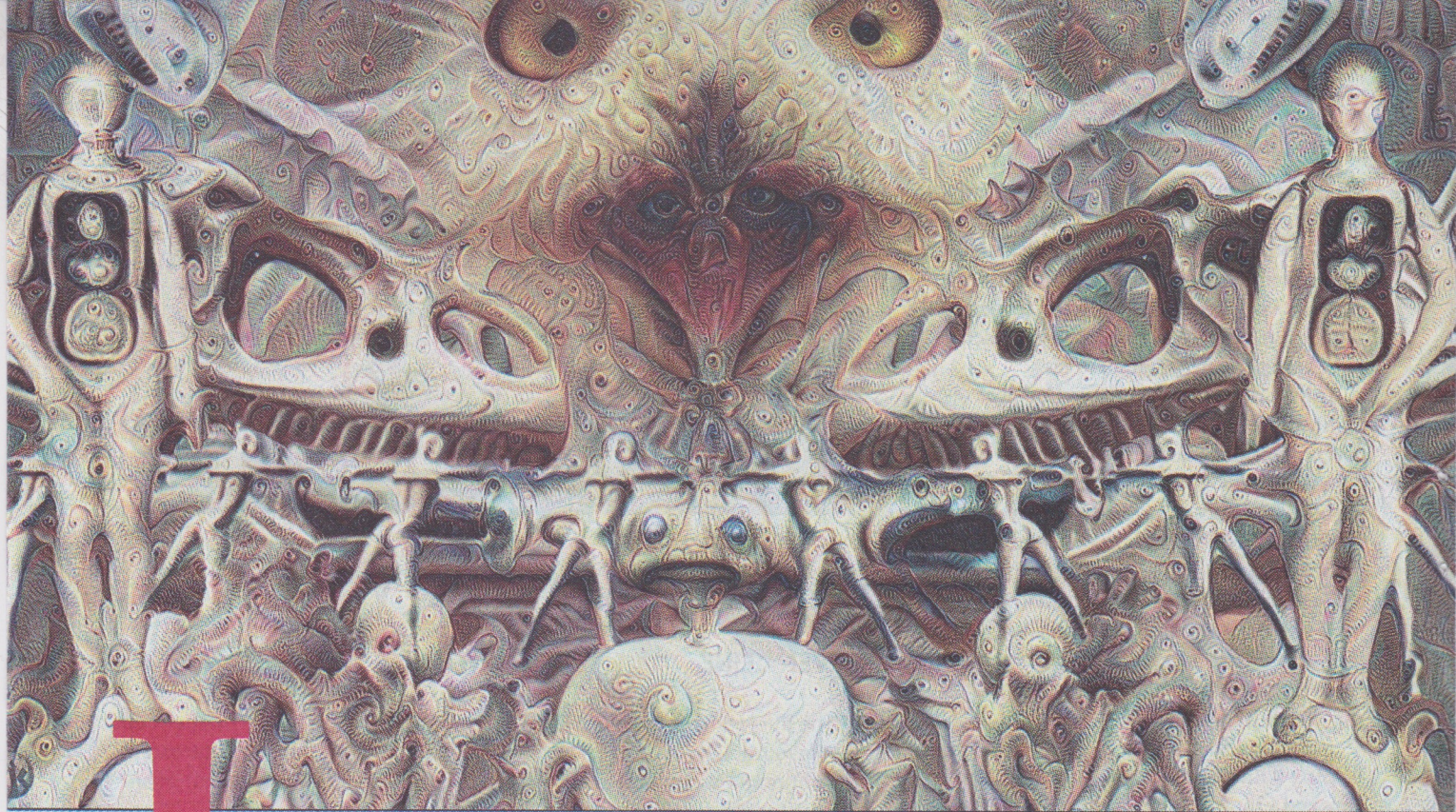
We need liberated words now. Words that burn & scream & moan & drip. Red words that birth, & blue words that kill. We need desperate, life-giving forest words. We need non-human words. If the longing is there—& the ear is clear—& the blackened typewriter is willing—then everything we imagine is made possible.

Life waits for us in Dream. Dream's hands? They are outstretched, overfilled. She has gathered for us (expectorated) an infinity of feverish new texts on Liberation & Desire. Still unseen & unwritten. A heavy human hand—an openfold anarchist Medium—is needed for release.

Will you, or won't you? If set free, these feral texts of Dream will spin out like terrorist-flowers, they will vibrate with & in all the unknowns. They will storm us & they will seduce us with their overflowings & their pleasure/pains, & Yaldabaoth's Empire will shudder & disperse.

In a truly revolutionary text, the words make love.

Steven Cline co-edits the journal, *Peculiar Mormyrid* and participates in a local surrealist group in Atlanta, playing games, reciting dreams, and generally living the good surr-life. stevenclineart.com



—James Koehnline

Justice

What it is. What we want.

Anarchic Justice at the End of History

JOHN CLARK

ANARCHY AND THE LAW OF NATURE

It has been said that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and that the basis of justice lies in protecting ourselves from one another. This is a perennial lie of the system of domination.

In reality, the flourishing of the community is the primary aim of nature, and mutual aid and solidarity in pursuit of this aim is the primal, originating law of nature. Nurture is the first law of nature. All justice flows from this source.

In ancient China, the spontaneous order of nature was called the Dao, or Way. It was seen as the model for “ruling without ruling.” The Daoist sage Laozi remarked that “the Way of Nature is to take from where there is excess and give to where there is deficiency,” whereas “the Way of Man is to take from where there is deficiency and to give to

where there is excess.” Already, there was a clear distinction between natural justice as anarchic order and patriarchal, statist, and exploitative justice as the mystification of domination.

This truth of natural justice has also been known by indigenous peoples everywhere. As writer and activist Dylan Fitzwater explains in his 2019 *Autonomy is in Our Hearts*, such solidarity is expressed in the indigenous Tsotsil language of Chiapas as *ichbail ta muk*, or “bringing one another to greatness.” This greatness of communal flourishing is the primordial form of freedom, and the solidarity that brings us to it is at the heart of primordial justice.

The so-called Western tradition of justice goes back to the ancient Greek concept of *dikē*, which signifies acting in accord with both cosmic nature and one’s own nature. The early philosopher Heraclitus described *dikē* as a dynamic



balance of order and chaos. Divine Justice, personified as the Goddess Dikē, is dependent on Divine Chaos, personified as the goddess Eris. "All things come into being through strife (Eris)." Thus, order as a kind of discordant harmony arises out of negation and contradiction. It cannot exist without chaos (natural spontaneity).

These primordial senses of justice are all expressed in the anarchist symbol @, consisting of an "A" within an "O." At the core of Order is Anarchy. Justice, the result of the two, is thus an Ordered Anarchy or Anarchic Order.

Another way of expressing this is that universal freedom is the standard of justice. For the Earth and its inhabitants, justice as anarchic order means the maximization of freedom for the biosphere—and all of its forms of life and mind—to flourish.

DOMINATION AND THE LAW OF EMPIRE

This natural justice as flourishing and fulfillment through anarchic order was overthrown by the rise of Empire and forms of social domination. If we look back to the history of the earliest empires of the ancient Near East, we see the Empire had already subordinated everything to its obsessive drive toward unlimited power and domination. At this early stage, it was already producing human and ecological catastrophe resulting in the literal collapse of societies.

While Empire has always legitimated itself through an appeal to its self-defined laws of nature (from ancient myths of divine right to today's illusory laws of economics), its power has in reality depended on carefully contrived social policies, all enforced through an effective monopoly on force and coercion. Imperial justice has always been a hierarchically imposed system that wreaks havoc with all the forces of natural justice.

Fascist legal theorist Carl Schmitt, in his 1922 work, *Political Theory*, defined sovereignty as "the power to declare the exception," a condition in which the state can overturn legal conventions and abolish supposed constitutional rights.

Today, we see the state moving more overtly in this fascistic direction, through the proliferation of techno-bureaucratic control, through secret operations based on appeals to national security, through the growth of surveillance mechanisms, through increasingly punitive regulation of dissent in nominally liberal democracies, through extra-judicial killings with relative impunity by the police, through the now-eteralized War on Terror, through the emergence of more authoritarian leader-figures.

Many explain such developments as a deterioration of the

For the Earth & its inhabitants, justice
as anarchic order means the maximization of
freedom for the biosphere & all of its forms of life.

global system of justice, a forsaking of civilized norms. However, what is occurring in reality, beyond such illusions, is that the State's fundamental nature as a system of organized violence and injustice is

becoming more overt. Whenever necessary, the State reverts from a practice of "war by other means" to war by means of war. It inevitably does so when crisis intensifies.

JUSTICE AT THE END OF HISTORY

And, crisis has never before been as intense as it is at the present moment. The greatest global justice issue of our age is the global ecological crisis that is leading to a collapse of the biosphere. Many call our era the Anthropocene and find the roots of crisis in anthropocentrism. Human centeredness is, indeed, an enormous problem. However, in reality, our social world today is more deeply egocentric than anthropocentric. The prevailing system of social injustice and voracious exploitation, capitalism, has made it that way. The late capitalist consuming subject may suffer from a human-superiority complex, but that subject believes much more fervently in the ego than in humanity.

The mass egoism of the late capitalist society of consumption is merely the universalization, at the end of Empire, of the patriarchal domineering self that was once, at the beginning of Empire, the prerogative of Pharaohs, Lugals, and Sargons (as Fredy Perlman so eloquently depicts it in *Against His-story, Against Leviathan*). It is, in a sense, the democratization or self-management of domination. It generates a multitude of forms of micro-domination, while at the same time producing nihilism, the crisis and collapse of meaning and value.

Marx once observed that in the modern age "all that is solid melts into air" as everything substantial is dissolved in the "icy water of egotistical calculation." And, indeed, this seems to be our road to oblivion. Universal egoism yields universal nihilism—and, ultimately, universal annihilation. No system has surpassed capitalism (in alliance with the state) in producing all of the above. By radically atomizing society and relativizing all natural, objective values, it creates the conditions for regression to fascism as a desperate and ill-fated effort to regain social order and collective meaning through the reign of a brutal, authoritarian justice.

CONFRONTING THE NIGHTMARE OF WORLD HISTORY

We have reached a point at which not only the flourishing of life on Earth, but its very survival, is only possible if the system of domination is destroyed and natural justice is restored. The first step is to realize (in the words of Stephen

Dedalus in *Ulysses*) that "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake." Tragically, now, at the end of history, in the totalitarian society of mass consumption, we have been absorbed ever more completely into the nightmare world than ever before.

We need to consider very carefully the question of what the barriers are both to awakening from the nightmare and to undertaking effective action to create a post-nightmare world (social-ecological revolution and regeneration). These barriers include the psychological process of denial, which says, "I refuse to recognize the truth," and that of disavowal, which says, "I recognize the truth, but I choose to act as if I did not."

Beyond these, we must take on the barriers that are embedded in the dominant social institutions, the dominant social ideology, the dominant social imaginary and the dominant social ethos. All of these must be combatted and overcome simultaneously, through the creation of a different kind of world, here and now, or else none will be overcome.

RETURNING TO THE EARTH

Just as Laozi said, our choice is between two paths. One is the reigning path of corporate capitalism, the centralized nation-state, and other forms of domination. It is based on concentration of economic and political power in hierarchically structured institutions, control by corporate and state bureaucracies, increased mechanization of society, reliance on manipulative technologies, and ever-expanding social and ecological exploitation. It defines as justice whatever serves the system of domination and exploitation, and thereby leads to the ultimate injustice, the coming of the era of death on Earth (the Necrocene).

The alternative path is one of communitarianism, voluntary cooperation, decentralization of power, democratic, participatory decision-making, free federation for common goals, utilization of humane and ecologically-sound technologies, egalitarian relationships, and, above all, an ethos (an actual, all-embracing practice) of respect for and complete dedication to the flourishing of the Earth and all its beings.

Justice is what serves this flourishing and makes it a present reality. Justice is what helps it grow into an effective power that can, ultimately, challenge and destroy the system of domination and its culture of nihilism and death.

John Clark is a communitarian anarchist activist and theorist. He is director of La Terre Institute for Community and Ecology, which sponsors educational and organizational programs in New Orleans and on an 88-acre site on Bayou La Terre in the forest of the Mississippi Gulf Coast.

His latest book is *Between Earth and Empire: From the Necrocene to the Beloved Community* from PM Press.



The Parable of the Horseshoe Crab & the Seagull

RON SAKOLSKY

"What have you got in your pockets, Apple Hat?" asked Mr. Anthill pulling at them. "Guts? Electric trains? Horseshoe crabs?"
W.A. Davison and Sherri Higgins, *La Chasse À L'Objet Du Desir*

Once, while in my teens, my girlfriend and I were walking along the shores of Plum Beach in Brooklyn on a sultry summer evening to get a breath of fresh air under a full moon. As we walked along the shoreline, we spotted lots of horseshoe crabs that had been overturned on their backs when the tide had gone out.

It seemed unfair to see them lying helpless there on the beach and just walk on knowing they would surely die. So, as avowed nature lovers, we immediately began turning them over right-side up so that they could scurry back to the welcoming embrace of the incoming tide. After gleefully running around the beach turning over every stranded crab in sight, we held hands and looked deeply into each other's eyes with mutual admiration.

We were proud to have used direct action to rescue the crabs from a needless death! Justice had been done! As we were basking in our self-congratulatory glory, we began to hear the agitated squawking of hungry seagulls circling overhead.

As the anguished cries of those angry birds got louder and louder, it began to dawn on us that in our sentimental desire to save the crabs, we had deprived the seagulls of the evening meal which they depended upon for their survival. With the best of environmental intentions, we had actually upset the whole balance of nature in that little Plum Beach ecosystem.

This tidal parable is a cautionary tale that is not limited in its application to the missteps of youthful inexperience. Every

thing we do always has consequences. Some of those consequences are more well-hidden, and therefore easier to ignore than the accusatory screech of an aggrieved seagull that cuts through human illusion like a knife.

While simple solutions might initially appear to be the most obvious ways of dealing with an immediate problem, the underlying nature of that problem is usually part of a larger web of complex relationships in which we ourselves become entangled once we enter the problem-solving process by deciding to act.

To be clear, the pointing out of such relational complexity is not meant to be either a refutation of the value of sponta-

neity or an excuse for inaction in the face of social injustice.

Instead, the desired outcome aimed at here is that a recognition of the intricacy of the intersectional latticework of which we are ourselves a part can help us to avoid the trap of a frustrating Sisyphean activism that involves endlessly shoveling the flotsam and jetsam of injustice against the tide while justice itself remains lost at sea perpetually beyond reach.

Ron Sakolsky publishes *The Oystercatcher* on Denman Island, British Columbia, and is a frequent Fifth Estate contributor.

Unrepentant! Anarchists at Sentencing

The excerpts on these pages are shortened versions of ones published in *Defiance: Anarchist Statements Before Judge and Jury*, a new title from Detritus Books in Olympia, Wash. detritusbooks.com.

During the last 150 years, people identifying with the anarchist tradition have employed direct action many times against the state bringing repression and punishment upon them from the apparatus they seek to dismantle. This anthology chronicles 27 unrepentant voices of those facing courts and juries after apprehension and conviction.

They stretch back to the words of 1871 Paris Commune Louise Michel to anarchist hacktivist Jeremy Hammond's address before a judge in 2013 for cybercrimes against a private intelligence company.

These powerful statements of resistance can be read either as models of militant responses to capitalism and oppression, or as cautionary tales of the futility of individual actions acting ahead of mass movements for revolutionary change.

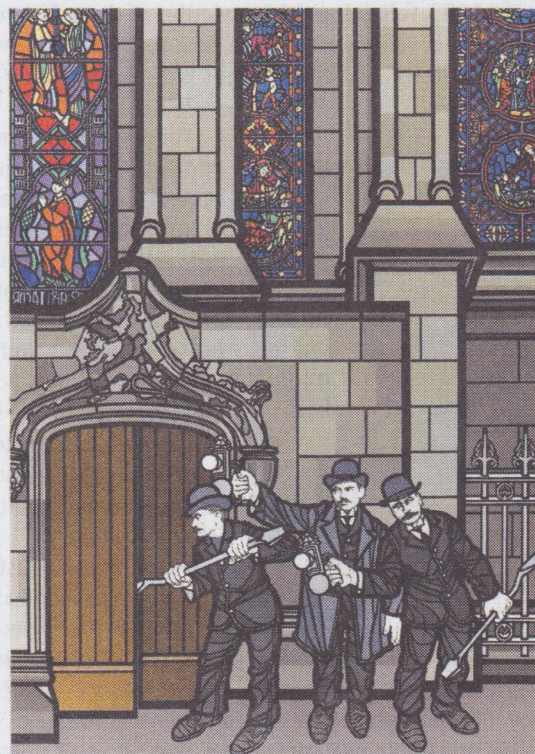
Whichever they are, those who committed acts motivated by a hatred of this society, now or in the past, deserve respect and support. Their statements need to be read in full to get their full power.

Alexandre Marius Jacob

Alexandre Marius Jacob ((1879-1954) was a French illegalist anarchist who rejected a life of work and became a prolific thief focusing his robberies on social parasites like landlords, politicians, and the clergy. His gang, dubbed "Workers of the Night," pulled off more than 150 robberies between 1900 and 1903. Jacob generously donated to anarchist causes.

Jacob addressed the court upon his conviction in 1905:

Every man has a right to life's banquet. The right to live isn't begged for, it's taken. Theft is the restitution, the regaining of possession. Instead of being cloistered in a factory, like in a penal colony; instead of begging for what I had a right to,



Jacob and Workers of the Night breaking into the cathedral at Tours, France, 1903, to steal the church's riches.

— Flavio Costantini

I preferred to rebel and fight my enemy face to face by making war on the rich, by attacking their goods.

But beware, everything only lasts a certain time. Everything that is constructed, built by ruse and force, can be demolished by ruse and force. If there is theft, it is only because there is abundance on one hand and famine on the other; because everything only belongs to some.

The struggle will only disappear when men will put their joys and suffering in common, their labors and their riches, when all will belong to everyone.

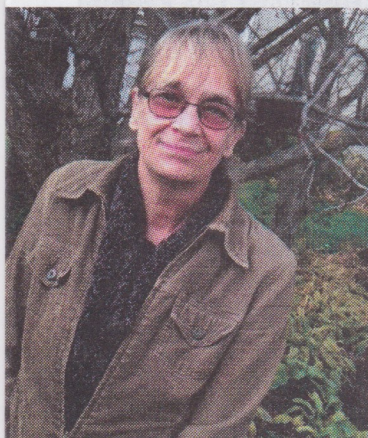
Revolutionary anarchist, I made my revolution. Vive l'anarchie! >>>

Ann Hansen

Ann Hansen was a member of the Canadian anarchist group, Direct Action, and later the Wimmin's Fire Brigade. In 1982, Direct Action bombed a British Columbia power station resulting in \$5 million in damages. Five months later, the group bombed a Toronto factory manufacturing guidance systems for American Tomahawk missiles injuring 11 people.

The Wimmin's Fire Brigade, bombed three locations of Red Hot Video, a chain of porn stores accused of selling snuff films.

In 1983, following the conviction of the group members, hearing her sentence of life in prison, Hansen threw a tomato at the judge. She served eight years before being released.



For many years now, I have understood that the justice system was actually a system of injustice when seen in the broader social context. I was aware that parliament is where men make laws to protect big business, wealthy individuals and the status quo. Police were employed to enforce the laws, courts were created to prosecute those who broke the law, and prisons were built to punish the guilty.

My faith in the justice system began to erode as I grew up and saw the big businesses

ripping off people by selling poorly produced products at high prices, resource companies gouging and raping the earth, governments producing nuclear arsenals capable of destroying life on earth many times over, pornographic magazines that normalized and glamourized rape, incest and sexual assault, and Indians being herded into reservations to die.

All these crimes against humanity and the earth are legal. They are protected and sanctioned by Parliament, the courts, the law and the police.

This past eight months in court has sharpened my perceptions and strengthened my political convictions to see that the legal game is rigged and political prisoners are dealt from a marked deck.

At this dangerous point in human history, we have a moral responsibility to stop the arms race, violent pornography, and the destruction of the earth. This moral responsibility far overrides any obligation to adhere to man-made laws.

The politics of Direct Action saw the interconnectedness of militarism, sexism, environmental destruction and imperialism. We saw that all these problems are rooted in the value

Eric King

Eric King is a vegan anarchist from Kansas City, Missouri. In 2016, he was convicted of using "explosive materials to commit arson of property used in or affecting interstate commerce" after he threw a hammer

through a state representative's office window, followed by two Molotov cocktails in solidarity with the uprising in Ferguson, Missouri.

King was sentenced to ten years in prison.

I stated what I did. I'm happy I did it. The government in this country is disgusting. The way they treat poor people, the way they treat brown people, the way they treat everyone that's not in the class of white and male is disgusting, patriarchal, filthy racist.

I'm not sorry for what I did. I'm sorry that I got caught before I could do more things. I would have loved to attack more government buildings and make sure that bubble of safety that prosecutors and FBI agents and judges feel got shattered.

This sentence [of ten years] has brought me closer to the community I really serve. That's the radical view, the poor community. It's shown me what solidarity means. It's shown me what friendship means.

It's shown me what love means. It's shown me what being a real human means; standing by people when they're knocked down, not further knocking them down, not going after poor people if they want to provide for their families and not doing it the way that white society thinks is appropriate.

You're disgusting.



system and way of thinking called capitalism and patriarchy. These values are passed on from one generation to the next through the institutions of this society—the multinational corporations, schools, mass media, church, and commercial culture.

I am called a terrorist—one who tries to impose their will through force and intimidation—by the court and press.

But I am not a terrorist. I am a person who feels a moral obligation to do all that is humanly possible to prevent the destruction of the earth.

Counteractivity, Counterculture & Alternate Encounters



BRYAN TUCKER

The nexus linking resistance and protest movements with underground artistic practices is distinct, with significant overlap existing between the participants and qualities of both. It's no surprise that overt resistance to existing circumstances intersects naturally with activities that are radically discontinuous with production/consumption-based existence.

Artistic practice and the artistic gaze de-conceptualizes perception, de-conditions thought, and corresponds with the ability to look at the warped aspects of civilization. The value and characteristic overlaps between anarchist and underground practices can include direct accessibility, intimacy, anomaly, going beyond kitschy surfaces, play, collaboration, and the night.

Many phenomena exist on, and move between, the border of counterculture and explicit opposition to the social structure, and sometimes it's impossible to discern where one stops and the other starts (e.g., Occupy Wall Street, the groups involved in the Anti-globalization movement).

The primal vitality in many subcultural practices helps chip away at the persistently reconstituted, blood and sweat stained lead walls of certainty and calculability which have been erected to conceal and restrict the range of our experiences. Examples of this dynamism can be found in Dada art, the Theatre of Cruelty, Butoh dancing, and street skateboarding.

The international Dada art movement of the early 20th century was a reaction to banal conformism, idolatry, and logic/enlightenment taken to illogical/unenlightened extremes, qualities Dadaists felt underpinned World War I. Demonstrations, journals, theatre, sound events, collage, and three-dimensional visual art were all aspects of the Dada attack on conventional society.

The art form from this movement that has most thoroughly stood the test of time is collage—newspaper and magazine clippings forged into overloaded, nonsensical, forms.

The original Dada groups aspired to expose all that bourgeois sensibility venerated as sacred, reveal the emptiness/nowhereness of reality, and transform the useful to

the useless.

Antonin Artaud's Theatre of Cruelty, beginning in the 1920s with its aim to break frames, includes audience immersion, and lighting and noise phenomena designed to jolt nerves and senses in order to produce irrational subjective states.

Theatre of Cruelty audiences can be arranged, dispersed throughout the theatre space, in the center with performers encircling, or into other positions which defy the standard audience and performer divide.

Artaud felt theatre should transfigure observers via the presentation of dangerous and dynamic realities. This style of theatre (like many underground practices) highlights direct experience and aims to minimize barriers of exclusivity.

Artaud vents his frustrations about elitism and containment/compartmentalization in his 1938 book *The Theatre and Its Double*:

"If we are prepared for war, famine, plague, slaughter...we only have to continue as we are; behaving like snobs, rushing en masse to hear such and such a performance which never transcends the realm of art...to marvel at such and such an exhibition in which exciting shapes explode here and there but at random without any genuine consciousness of the forces they could rouse."

Butoh, which is commonly translated as "the dance of darkness," is an unconventional type of performance art that developed in post-war World War II Japan following nuclear devastation.

Butoh aims to express and sublimate distress, and to pervert the ideals of bourgeois society. Stylistically and methodologically it is anti-productive, exploratory, and purposeless, with an orientation that embraces grime and pain with a slowed, deadened, masochistic pace and movement style.

Audiences that attended performances in the first decades of this art form's existence (the 1960s and '70s) were largely involved in political resistance



"Music for My Eyes" —Barbara Carson-McHale (Lowrie)

Many practices enable a temporary diminishment of domesticated aspects of the mind, & allow for a primitive bodily existence to come forward.

vene to repress, regulate, and/or recuperate that which allows for primal connection/expression. For instance, in the 1990s legislators in New York City resurrected obsolete cabaret laws to outlaw dancing in clubs in order to repress scenes that had largely been formed by the working/lower classes.

In this same period, the UK passed the Criminal Justice and Public Order act to stop roaming or unlicensed raves (which were frequently held at squatted, liberated, and outdoor locations); as a rave movement that largely transcended class had formed which was perceived as a threat to those atop the political and capitalist apparatuses. Decrees such as these have contributed to the repression and cultural triviality that has characterized too much of the 21st century.

Perhaps more impactful than explicitly repressive laws are the implicit counterrevolutionary forces of corporatism with its imposition of objectivity, efficiency, and quantity.

The technologized commerce and commercialized technology that undergirds educational, economic, and political systems has forged our nightmare civilization of simulation and decimation. And the denial of the dysfunction of this model is mind-boggling. After a couple centuries of this fanatical scientific computationalism we find ourselves in polluted, flooded, scorched, and fascistic circumstances.

movements in Tokyo.

Street skateboarding is a practice which aims to transform the useful to the playful and to sublimate bodily drives. During the peaks of skate sessions an enveloping excitement for one's, and one another's movements, rhythms, and styles predominates.

An alluring practice of finding ways into terrains for the potential fun that can be had skating around what has been fenced off and reserved for productive and consumptive purposes is a multi-decade tradition kept alive by venturesome skaters in current times. However, the transformation of skaters into consumers and competitors sanctioned to existence within corralled areas has become increasingly common in the last decades.

Many other examples could be touched upon as simply as these four as distinct practices that embody and express distinct sentiments of rejecting or disregarding commercialized existence.

For instance, noise shows focus upon audio play utilizing distortion, chaos, and absence; underground metal with its concerns for space, the elements, the primitive, and with blackness/shadow; kink and alternative sexual practices in the play with extremes and contradictions, and the shattering of typical roles and identities; and underground raves which are explicitly nocturnal, ecstatic, focused upon group consciousness, and atmospherically open. Many practices like these enable a temporary diminishment of polished, domesticated aspects of the mind, and allow for a more primitive bodily existence to come forward.

Though dominant, banal cultural forces commonly inter-

Immense amounts of data have been gathered on the extent of carbon in the atmosphere, number of acres burned, amount of people displaced, diseased, or deceased, all the while social and environmental problems continue intensifying.

The present seems to be teetering with the pervasive delegitimization of politics/politicians, mental and environmental exhaustion, extreme economic inequality, contradictions and conflicts unable to be smoothed over by prevailing ideologies, and global capitalism kept alive via numerous life support mechanisms (e.g., monetary manipulation and austerity measures).

During past social-political collapses and interregnums, when the apparatuses of civilization were declining, atrophying, and flaking off, spaces often opened for play, intimacy, frenzy, and imaginative new ways of relating and existing. Much sentiment in the current hot spots of unrest, including those in North Africa, the Middle East, Asia, and Europe, is not towards desiring different governance.

Many want a qualitatively different type of existence altogether than what is currently available.

Bryan Tucker likes to construct visual art, spend time in expressive subcultures, and has been involved with social equality projects in the Bay Area for over a decade.

FICTION

Dispatch

From New Orleans

ANNE BABSON

The only time it's legal to mask in town these days is Mardi Gras. In fact, an old law on the books predating this regime says it's illegal to be in a parade and not mask. Meanwhile, the Icemen arrest anybody on a non-parade day who dares even to wear a head scarf like those Yemeni women I saw in my neighborhood until they fell under the ban and got shipped offshore.

Even on parade days, if you get stopped, you have to prove you're in a government-authorized Mardi Gras krewe in order to wear a costume if you're over ten years old. But most krewes have never gotten authorized. We roam the streets like the Mardi Gras Indians do, only we don't dance-battle other Indians (or krewes). We operate like medieval trade guilds. We have mysteries, secret signs, and we battle the ones demanding to see our IDs.

Of everyone in our krewe, Jennifer has a talent. She can saunter into a room with the Icemen, smile beatifically, look them full in the eye as if she might find them attractive, and then steals ID cards, phones—whatever our krewe needs.

Jennifer has that look. She looks like one of those girls on the purity pamphlets telling us to keep our legs closed (but still include a photo of a cheerleader doing the splits). She seems like she's Fedexed in from the white-picket fence world the Icemen hope for—a bunch of small-nosed girls grinning in an old toothpaste commercial. So basic it hurts.

Even though she isn't lanky like women on those pamphlets, she looks kind of sporty. She jogs in Audubon Park. She used to join second line parades on Sundays all over town. Now, the Icemen consider those protests, so the associations put them on hold for now, maybe forever, even though they promise to organize them again once martial law gets lifted. Only jazz funerals continue. You need a boxed corpse if you want to dance at New Orleans intersections these days.

Since last Fat Tuesday, Icemen have come for our krewe three times, and a couple of us got arrested, then incarcerated or sent to the offshore factories where they send the separated kids.

The first time, they picked up Reed and Joey at the French market. Somebody must have tipped them off because they knew to look for guys in pirate's outfits—something that used to be typical in the French Quarter near Pirate's Alley during Mardi Gras season, but now, it's rare. When the Icemen pounced right on them, we figured we



had a mole. (Don't ask who. As one of us says, "Ain't no mole no mo'!")

The next time was at Jazzfest. Remy and Scooter posed as roadies for one of the boy bands that replaced the Marsalis brothers after their arrest. Scooter got caught with an amp full of thumb drives loaded with foreign journalism. You know, the real news after they shut down the fact-checkers.

Since it was Scooter's first offense, they're letting him serve his time in Angola prison up in mid-state. They made him a clown for the prison rodeo. Remy dropped his backstage pass and acted drunk, sprawled out behind the sound booth. They never noticed him, so some of the drives got to readers, maybe to you.

Then, they had Jamila on a boat to the offshore factories an hour after they picked her up. She had managed to stash her backpack of drives in the pool house of that ex-gay bar they called The Country Club. Jamila had worked as a maid there to overhear Icemen's dinner conversations and take discreet pictures. They heard her accent, saw her skin, and assumed she was just an illegal, not part of a stealth krewe.

It gets tense every time we take action, but Jennifer, with the baton-twirler bounce in her step, her flat-ironed chestnut hair, her laughing eyes, looks like she couldn't keep a secret from her Chi Omega sorority sisters, much less the Icemen. They never see her coming.

The underground print shop jerry-rigged a hologram to stick on an invitation for the Oedipus Mardi Gras Ball. None of the rest of the krewe looked like the kind of Barbie-doll invitees the old-money men on the Stars-and-Bars

parade floats invited to their cocktail hour. Jennifer was a salesclerk at Trashy Diva, so she could “borrow” an evening gown and accessorize it. She understands the dangers of the document drops and the detour of the chain gangs to Grand Island where they wait for cargo barges to Havana.

You’ve heard about the detours if you’re from New Orleans. Some of those “armed and dangerous” escaped prisoners the Icemen search all over for end up in Cuba these days (with a little help from our krewes.) She knows she risks her life every night she steps out.

But this was, as Remy warned her, “Some next-level shit.”

She wasn’t dropping or detouring. This was extra.

I never know whether these dispatches I type make it outside Louisiana. I hope they do, so I should explain to you Yankees what Oedipus is, and why Jennifer was intimidated by what she had gotten asked to do.

Oedipus is the whitest Mardi Gras krewe. It was founded during Reconstruction after the Civil War. The rumor still circulates that men who masked themselves in hoods on other nights attended the unmasked Oedipus Ball during Mardi Gras. Before regime change, Oedipus always had the Marine Corps Band of New Orleans play at their ball, bass drums and bayonets, but now it’s the ICE band that plays.

Consequently, most top Icemen are Oedipus krewe members. Oedipus has always been the elite, the powerful Mardi Gras krewe. Jennifer was entering with a fake invitation, and she planned to get as close to the Icemen’s tables as possible.

Also, Yankees, Trashy Diva sells vintage-style formal wear, and Jennifer was able to score long, white gloves and a hunter green satin ball gown from work. I wove pearl beads into her tresses and pinned them in a slick chignon.

“How do I look?” She asked me.

“Ivanka as fuck,” I assured her. “Nobody is going to think you have anything deeper on your mind than your last pedicure.”

I am also the one who loaded and handed her the rhinestone-encrusted clutch, small enough to look like it only contained tampons and lipstick.

Jennifer slipped into the ball without hassle. She smiled like a purity pom-pom girl at the door guard, and he nodded. The hologram chimed under the scanner. They staffed a metal detector at the door, but Jennifer went in with an ICE band trombonist with whom she flirted just long enough to hide the clutch for a nanosecond in the bell of the trombone, which got passed through security breezily while Jennifer giggled.

All the Icemen asked her was whether she brought her cell phone with her.

“No, sir,” Jennifer drawled demurely, “I sure didn’t. Didn’t the invitation say not to?”

“Oedipus has a longstanding no-photography, no-videography policy,” we could hear them explain.

No photographs or video—that was perfect for us.

We stood tensely near the door in lawn jockey uniforms, watching to make sure she got in. There, we saw all the red carpet brass—the child-prison Carson family, that blonde from FOX and her quarterback husband, the guy with offshore banks who buys condominiums. Each time they wafted by like bad stench, I wondered how close Jennifer could get to them. Might she dance with the squat guy who raised the price of the cancer drug last year? Might she sit on the lap of the Ice captain? Finally, we saw the Oedipus krewe royal court enter, and we headed for the streetcar stop on Saint Charles as agreed.

Remy turned to me and said, “I wish we could create a diversion for her.”

I shook my head. That would mean we would all get captured if something went wrong.

Two streetcars churned by us under the oak branches. Then it got quiet. I could hear myself breathing shallowly. I looked up at all the metallic beads hanging from the oaks, reflecting streetlamp light. I thought of nooses.

Then, in the distance, we saw an Oedipus guest exit. She glided deliberately, but not quickly toward us in white gloves up to her armpits. Her hands moved brightly in shadows. She didn’t clutch the clutch anymore. She caught up to us.

We heard the pops in the distance, almost like the sound of champagne corks getting sabered. Distant voices wailed. The three of us stood silently, strangers at a transit stop. Then came sirens, a chopper above. We caught our breath collectively, and the sirens and the chopper whirring above us moved past us to the Oedipus ball.

The streetcar clattered toward us on the rails. We paid our fare in nickels. On the bench, Jennifer winced, slid off her heels, and stretched her toes. I tore off the lawn jockey hat.

“When we get back,” I whispered, “I’ll turn you brunette, give you a pixie cut. Return the dress. Say you lost the gloves on the parade route.”

Back at the krewe house, I heard Jennifer sobbing in her room.

These days sure are hard. Parade queens aren’t royalty. We all watch for flood waters rising. One day, they may overtake us unless some god raptures the dead from the city’s mausoleums to form an immortal army to defend us.

I yearn for the days of the second line parades without corpses to excuse our dancing. I liked falling into the syn-copation of neighbors bopping together, no cops to stop us doing the boogaloo.

Anne Babson lives in New Orleans. She is the author of three poetry collections, a play, and lyrics for a number of choral and operatic works performed in the U.S. and Canada. Her scholarly work has been published and anthologized in both the United States and England. Her poems have been published on five continents. AnneBabson.com.

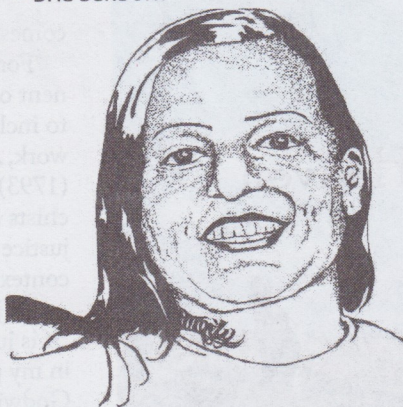
We Support Anarchist Prisoners

ROBCAT

Supporting our imprisoned comrades should be a top priority for all anarchists. We need to raise funds for material aid. Prisoners need money for books, stamps, food, phone calls, Internet use, and legal fees. We need to establish steady relationships with our imprisoned comrades. There are too many to list here. For this go around, we focus on the five anarchist prisoners the Bloomington ABC war fund supports. To learn more, visit bloomington-abc.noblogs.org

MICHAEL KIMBLE is a black, gay anarchist held captive since 1986 for the self defense killing of a homophobic, racist bigot. Michael is serving a life sentence and is currently in solitary confinement for defending another

"Jennifer Rose" —Bria Sanborn



prisoner. Write Michael to get involved in his sentence reduction campaign. Michael Kimble 138017/M-11, 3700 Holman, Atmore AL 36503.

JENNIFER ROSE is an anarchist trans woman held in California State Prison since 1990 serving 25 to life for bank robbery. Her additional 25 to life sentence for assault on a state prosecutor has been reduced to eight years. Write her at: Jennifer Rose E23852, Salinas Valley State Prison, D4-217, PO Box 1050, Soledad, CA 93960.

SEAN SWAIN is an anarchist imprisoned since 1991 for the self defense killing of a court official's relative who

broke into his home and threatened his life. Write him at: Sean Swain #2015638, Buckingham Correctional Center, PO Box 430, Dillwyn, VA, 23936.

ERIC KING is an anarchist given a ten year sentence for the attempted fire-bombing of a government official's office in Kansas City. The action was done in solidarity with the Ferguson uprising. Write Eric at: Eric King #27090045, FCI Englewood, 9595 W Quincy Ave, Littleton CO 80123.



"Self-portrait" Marius Mason

MARIUS MASON is an anarchist, environmental and animal rights activist serving nearly 22 years in federal prison for acts of property damage carried out in defense of the planet. Marius came out as transgender in 2014. Address the envelope to Marie (Marius) Mason 04672-061, FCI Danbury, Rte 37, Danbury CT 06811. Address him in your letter as Marius.

Robcat co-publishes *Fire Ant*, an anarchist prison support zine seeking to provide material aid for imprisoned comrades. A PDF for printing is available at the Bloomington Anarchist Black Cross site. To contact or make donations: Fire Ant, PO Box 164, Harmony ME 04942.



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Justice: Not Conditioned in Heaven

Humans Are Born With An
Innate Sense of Justice

TOM MARTIN

The cornerstone of traditional anarchism has always been a revolutionary critique of the concept of justice in all its variations, particularly as it relates to the state's repressive apparatus and the oppressive nature of capitalism. Today, that has been extended even further to issues such as restorative and ecological justice. The insights of classical anarchist philosophers remain relevant, particularly when we add to them social-psychological observations of human behavior.

Through all its permutations down through the centuries, Justice, from Latin *iūs*, a "right," specifically one guaranteed by law, the word's meaning hasn't changed. In its earliest known Latin form, *iūs*, it had a religious connotation suggesting a sacred formula or incantation, as in *conjure*.

In related languages of the Indian subcontinent, its derivatives mean health or ritual purification. That hints at the origins of justice as something that comes from a supernatural or at least unknowable source. The etymological merges with the theological.

What is the source of justice? For most of history (and not only in the West) it was either from the Church, or State, or worse yet, some amalgamation of the two. Almost always, those institutions deny their paternity; they are merely enforcing the dictates of human nature, or natural law, or God, or some such abstraction.

Yes, *enforcing*, and *dictates*. The Christian's Bible is replete with examples of justice flowing down hierarchically from their god or from his earthly pawns. Anarchists, in the West at least, have—like everyone else—derived their ideas about justice from the Judeo-Christian mythos, though to them justice is always *social*, not juridical justice.

Most philosophers, anarchist or otherwise, have always affirmed that a sense of fairness is the foundation of all morality. Where that sense

comes from is not so easily agreed upon.

For William Godwin, the first modern proponent of anarchism, justice was essential enough to include in the title of his most influential work, *An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice* (1793). But note the qualifying adjective. Anarchists ever since have struggled with detaching justice from politics and giving it a broader social context.

"If justice have any meaning," Godwin writes, "it is just that I should contribute everything in my power to the benefit of the whole." But Godwin takes for granted, with Enlightenment smugness, that human beings will act rationally.

Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, another early proponent of anarchism, argued in *What is Property?* (1840) that philosophers have never really understood the meaning of the word justice. For him, it was the foundation of all human relationships, as modified by "reflection and knowledge." Government derails our natural sociability by creating inequality and privilege.

In an 1872 letter, the Russian anarchist and political foe of Karl Marx, Mikhail Bakunin, argued that we can never have true justice when we delegate it to others. A genuinely free society will see justice as everyone's responsibility. In his *Revolutionary Catechism* (1866) he defined "*human conscience* as the basis of justice; *individual and collective freedom* as the only source of order in society." In all his writings, Bakunin specifies equality as the essential condition of justice.

In a 1902 essay, "Organized Vengeance Called 'Justice,'" Peter Kropotkin, the anarchist author of *Mutual Aid*, addressed the concept from an anthropological viewpoint. For primitive peoples, he observed, justice was administered by the whole community acting by consensus.

It then evolved through a stage of arbitration and mediation (the medieval era, according to Kropotkin) and with the emergence of the modern state becomes an instrument of vengeance and control in defense of the privileged classes. "Justice is coterminous with the State," he writes, "they imply one another."

In an anarchist society, he continues, justice will be "voluntary arbitration, in greater effectual solidarity, in the powerful educative means which a society will have that does not leave to the policeman the care of its public morality."

Anarchists are generally atheists, but Emma Goldman (1869-1940) was the first to say ex-



Emma Goldman:
fighters for
justice have been
"the godless ones:
the Atheists"

licitly that justice as implemented by governments is tacitly religious, sacrosanct, and enduring because it supposedly flows from a superhuman source. This might be God; or it might be "the will of the people," though the people are not consulted.

Goldman points out that throughout history, genuine fighters for justice and freedom have always been "the godless ones: the Atheists . . . They knew that justice, truth, and fidelity are not conditioned in heaven, but that they are related to and interwoven with the tremendous changes going on in the social and material life of the human race; not fixed and eternal, but fluctuating, even as life itself."

All anarchists agree on a few principles: true justice is social, not political; the theory and praxis of justice are up to the community and will work better in direct proportion to the smallness of the community; theory and praxis are not to be regarded as rigid, unchanging. Some of us will add that justice applies to the living planet, not just to humans. And if it doesn't sound too utopian: in an anarchist society, most causes of injustice will disappear on their own.

Recent psychological studies, often using simple puppet shows, have shown that pre-verbal infants, some as young as three months, possess innate empathy and abstract senses of fairness and in-group support. They exhibit distress when they see an unequal sharing of toys, or a dominant puppet showing favoritism to a second puppet over a third, or when the experimenter verbally praises a puppet who had just done something unfair.

Researchers conclude that the sense of fairness is reciprocal. We want to be fair, and to be seen as fair, and we want others to be fair as well. A University of Chicago study suggests that variations in infant responses to injustice are partly conditioned by their parents' attitudes.

Anarchists tend to support nurture in the nature/nurture debate, reluctant to concede any hard-wiring in human nature. But these experiments, now numerous and varied, demonstrate something the classical anarchists intuited, and that all anarchists should be happy to accept.

We are born with an innate sense of justice which, as we grow, is perverted and educated out of us by the unholy alliance of religion, capitalism, and the state.

Natural selection clearly favors group solidarity over

Our Endless Grief

JAIME HUENÚN VILLA

Catrillanca, Wounded Jewel,
your spirit rides through the ravaged
fields of Temucucui.
Your head destroyed,
your spirit crushed
by the fickle language
of the powerful.

Tear gas whistles, flying
in your funeral procession.
Children, mothers, old people moan
no longer able to harvest
the Mapuzugun of their dreams.

The language of death has been unleashed,
brutality is the only recourse.
What will we give the children of the future,
the daughter of your blood,
those children fleeing alone
toward harsh underbrush?
Others cry and do not sleep
gravely injured by adults
safeguarding with guns
the Rule of Law.

Our endless grief
on the wet gray earth,
our endless pain
under the light of the sun.
But the song in our memory defends us,
but the tongue of the flowers,
but the rumbling of the rivers,
but flocks of Southern lapwings
announcing visitors
under the Southern rain.
¡Petu mongeleiñ, petu mongeleiñ!*
cry the mountains
that neither sleep nor plead.
We still exist, Catrillanca,
in the air of Wallmapu,
in the dance of Darwin's rhea,
in the eyes of your daughter
now growing up next to the fire
waiting along with us for
justice to reign on earth.

*"Petu mongeleiñ" is a phrase in Mapuzugun meaning,
"We are still alive."

—from the unpublished book *Kawiñtun üyelüwün mew*
Ceremonia de los nombres

Translated by Cynthia Steele. See more on next page.

An Unending Insurrection

They Gave Their Eyes for Chile to Wake Up

JESÚS SEPÚLVEDA

In 1970, Chileans elected a social-democratic government headed by Salvador Allende. On September 11, 1973 it was overthrown by a CIA-sponsored military coup, ushering in the brutal dictatorship of General Augusto Pinochet. The new regime instituted draconian free market policies resulting in low salaries and poor pensions, high prices and big debts, deficient public healthcare and education systems, and ecological depletion.

When democracy returned in 1990, the neoliberal model continued, producing an enlarged economy with a super-rich elite, extreme social inequalities and class segregation while devastating the environment. For thirty years, most Chileans suffered the effects of this social-economic system.

But popular resignation dissolved on October 18, 2019 when an insurrection broke out that is still ongoing. It began in the capital city of Santiago and rapidly spread to more than twenty cities and small towns. That day a large number of demonstrators rioted in response to police brutality against high school students.

A week earlier students had organized a massive fare evasion on the Santiago Metro to protest a fare price increase. They sparked public sympathy and raised political awareness. The four-cent hike on the Metro was the final straw that caused a social uprising. Since then, a revolution has unfolded, undermining the legitimacy

of the state and its institutions while empowering ordinary people.

This isn't an armed revolution that aims to control the state, but instead seeks to eradicate all forms of repression and replace the state's role as facilitator of corporate goals with robust and well-funded social programs.

New and fresh, this revolution is based on a massive movement that doesn't demand changes in representation. Rather, it allows people to move forward toward autonomy and cooperation.

It uses civil disobedience as a main tactic, but also encompasses other forms of direct action. These include blocking freeways, burning highway tollbooths,



About "Our Endless Grief"

On November 14, 2018, Camilo Catrillanca, a 24-year-old Mapuche farmer and activist, was shot in the back of the head and killed by special forces of the Chilean police when they entered his farm in Ercilla allegedly in pursuit of car thieves.

Catrillanca died at the scene and a teenager riding with him was arrested and tortured. Catrillanca was unarmed, and subsequent revelations about the torture and police obstruction of the investigation, led President Sebastián Piñera to force the resignation of the police chief and ten other police commanders.

Jaime Huenún Villa is an award-winning Mapuche-Huilliche poet from Valdivia in southern Chile. His books include *Ceremonias* (1999) *Reducciones* (2013), and the forthcoming bilingual *Crónicas de la Nueva Esperanza* (Santiago LOM, 2020) in which this poem will appear. Two of his other books are also available in English translation: *Port Trakl* (Action Books, 2007) and *Fanon City Meu* (Diálogos/Lavendar Ink, 2018).

Translator Cynthia Steele is Professor Emerita of Comparative Literature at the University of Washington, Seattle. Her translations of other poems by Jaime Huenún Villa are forthcoming in *Michigan Quarterly Review* and *Washington Square Review*.

setting up barricades, torching corporate buildings and subway stations, looting supermarkets and attacking police stations with Molotov cocktails. Its versatility also includes art performances, *cacerolazos* (pot banging), critical mass-style bike rides, and carnivalesque marches.

Primera Línea (PL) is a group of thousands of activists, men and women, forming the frontline of the protests in Santiago and other Chilean cities. They enjoy great support for their forms of direct action.

They coordinate horizontally through social media, bring shields to repel police projectiles, destabilize police drone sensors with laser pens, and share a solution of baking soda and water to alleviate the effects of teargas. Wearing helmets, goggles, gas masks, gloves and other protective gear, they are the human shields that protect demonstrators.

PL members break up concrete with hammers and carry the pieces in wheelbarrows to wherever there are confrontations with the police. They also confront people who engage in pointless vandalism, such as the burning of Violeta Parra's Museum, which is dedicated to a celebrated folksinger and poet, or the destruction of community-centered buildings. They also prepare food to share among demonstrators.

This collective experience is bringing people together and changing society radically by replacing the notion of the individual as a self-centered consumer with a sense of community and collaboration.

As of this writing, 3,765 people had been injured during demonstrations or tortured by police; 445 have suffered eye injuries, leaving two people blind.

A 21-year-old psychology student, Gustavo Gatica, lost his vision when police shot rubber bullets at his face. "I gave my eyes for people to wake up," he said after learning he was blind. Since the beginning of the uprising, 36 people have died under various circumstances. Some were shot, run over or beaten by police or military. Some were found dead in supermarkets that were set on fire. No one has been held re-



A Mapuche woman protests in Santiago, Chile a day after 1.2 million people marched in the capital city against the president.

A 21-year-old psychology student, Gustavo Gatica, lost his vision when police shot rubber bullets at his face.

"I gave my eyes for people to wake up."

response to any and all protests. The effect is to retraumatize society.

Primera Línea has been crucial in counteracting this by occupying urban spaces and setting up mobile first-aid centers to take care of the wounded. This strengthens collective courage and reveals new possibilities on the ground.

Plaza Italia (renamed Dignity Square) has become ground zero, the center of a ten-block area in downtown Santiago. This was the focus on October 25, when 1.2-million people marched against both the state of emergency declared by President Sebastián Piñera and his deployment of 20,000 troops.

"Chile is at war with a powerful and implacable enemy," he said, reviving the doctrine of domestic enemy to criminalize any expression of dissent. But the response to Piñera's war declaration was so overwhelming that the government revoked the emergency declaration and curfew and sent soldiers back to the barracks. As a result, eight ministers resigned, including Piñera's cousin, Andrés Chadwick, who had also been a minister under Pinochet.

However, these concessions didn't pacify the population who remained ungovernable while deepening the revolution.

After October 25, power relations changed, delegitimizing the ruling class as representatives of the people. According to a January CEP National Public Opinion Survey, only

sponsible for the arsons. Others died in prison, supposedly by suicide.

Although there are charges against a dozen police officers for human rights violations, to date none of them have been imprisoned.

More than 10,000 protesters have been arrested, and more than two thousand still remain in police custody.

The Chilean National Prosecution Office reported 5,558 human rights violations. This level of brutality has triggered the worst memories of state terrorism during the Pinochet dictatorship.

The government is attempting to normalize the use of extreme violence and repression as a



Women have a lead role in the protests. The Red Masks in Resistance movement created *¡El Violador en Tu Camino!* (The Rapist in Your Path), an anthem protesting violence against women that is performed all over the world.

Photo: Orin Langelles - photolangelle.org. Langelles is an activist and award winning documentary photographer whose work spans five decades in five continents. He is the Strategic Communications Director for Global Justice Ecology Project.

five percent of the population supported the government, and less than four percent recognized the Congress and political parties as valid representatives. Distrust of the police reached 80 percent.

Throughout the uprising, anarchist and anti-authoritarian collectives have continued growing by making connections with individuals and groups in different segments of society. Anarchist ideas are becoming more and more popular.

Las Tesis (The Thesis) is an anarcho-feminist collective from Valparaíso who created the performance piece titled "Un violador en tu camino" (A Rapist in your Path). Written as a subversion of the familiar Chilean police anthem, "A Friend in your Path," the piece has been performed by many women's groups around the world.

Presented in Valparaíso's Plaza Aníbal Pinto (renamed Resistance Square), the clarity of its lyrics denouncing patriarchal violence is absolute: "Patriarchy is a judge... it's violence you see... it's disappearance... the oppressive state is a macho rapist."

At the same time, the non-governmental left organized the centralized Mesa de Unidad Social (Social Unity Board), comprised of about 150 grassroots organizations and unions. This coalition called for national strikes in October and November 2019. It tried unsuccessfully to capitalize on the insurgent movement, claiming to defend citizen's rights and achieve political and structural changes. The coalition tried to negotiate with the government but failed because the ruling class didn't and doesn't want structural changes. As a result, most Chileans have come to realize that the only way to push for change is through a massive insurrection.

When the political elite signed the Agreement for Social Peace in mid-November, and agreed to a plebiscite on replacing the 1980 Pinochet constitution with a more democratic one (scheduled for April 26, 2020), they were hoping to gain time to pacify the population. But they didn't suc-

ceed because the agreement excluded popular participation. Protests continue and are expected to intensify leading up to the plebiscite.

Mayors took the initiative and called for town meetings, organizing an alternative referendum in December. The result was clear—91.3 percent of Chileans wanted a new constitution. Although this strategy is problematic for radicals who primarily focus on self-determination, such a change could

eliminate neoliberal vestiges from the Pinochet era, making education and healthcare inalienable rights while adopting a public pension system.

Street graffiti and banners show these are the main demands. Regulating corporate profits, recognizing indigenous rights and autonomy, protecting the environment, and redefining the family to include partnerships involving transgender and non-binary individuals are also demands.

This horizontal revolution without leaders, political parties or spokespersons behind it, makes it impossible for the government and the elite to co-opt the movement because there is nobody with whom they can negotiate.

This leaderless insurgency is causing the entire establishment to crumble. The right wing is divided. The official opposition, including centrist parties such as the Christian Democrats, as well as Socialists and Communists, are mired in congressional disputes. The new third option, Frente Amplio, a progressive, broad front party, is fractured. There is an abyss between politicians and the populace.

Cabildos (town meetings) and constituent councils are the main spaces for political discussion. There are also hundreds of self-convened territorial assemblies throughout the country. These forms of popular self-governance are remaking the social fabric

Until last year, Chile was considered a capitalist oasis in the region. But behind the facade, labor exploitation and unsustainable expectations for consumption, psychological stress and ecological devastation was smoldering. Now, everything has come to the surface, and there is a chance for a thoroughgoing social transformation.

Jesús Sepúlveda teaches at the University of Oregon in Eugene. He is the author of eight collections of poetry and three books of essays, including his book on Latin American poetry, *Poets on the Edge*.

An Anarchist Review of Books

Ideas without action is passivity; action without ideas leads nowhere



"Oya in the Museum of Modern Cat Art"
—Armageddon Beachparty

Nisi Shawl shows that Science Fiction can still challenge conventions

Talk like a Man

Nisi Shawl

PM Press/Outspoken Authors series, 2019 pmpress.org

RICH DANA

"My hair was not my own. My blood was not my own. My life was not my own. I am not free. I am a political prisoner on a North American game preserve."

Thus began the 1989 science fiction story, "I Was a Teenage Genetic Engineer," by an unknown author in an anthology by a little known indie publisher. The book was Autonomedia's *Semiotext(e) SF*, and the author was Denise Angela Shaw.

The story was the first to be published by the "poetry editor" of the fanzine *PopReal*, who also wrote under the nom de guerre, Celeste Oatmeal. The book was to become a milestone in the history of science fiction/speculative (SF) litera-

ture, and Celeste Oatmeal would evolve into Nisi Shawl, one of the genre's most adventurous talents.

Fast forward 30 years and Nisi Shawl's new book, *Talk Like A Man*, is the latest installment in the PM Press *Outspoken Authors* series. These affordable, pocket-sized paperbacks have featured authors such as Kim Stanley Robinson, Nalo Hopkinson, Ursula K. Le Guin, and Paul Krassner.

Although Nisi Shawl may not be as well-known as many of the other authors in the PM series, their work is very relevant and on point for the current moment. Classic genre themes like artificial intelligence, virtual reality, and time-travel are all re-examined through an intersectional lens to produce stories that will satisfy both seasoned SF readers as well as newcomers to the genre.

The collection is an excellent introduction to Nisi Shawl as a writer of speculative fiction as well as a person who thinks deeply about social issues. *Talk Like A Man* includes four previously uncollected short stories along with an essay,

"Ifa: Reverence, Science and Social Technology," and an interview, "The Fly in the Sugarbowl," conducted by fellow SF writer Terry Bisson. Wisely, the editors have chosen not to include an introduction at the beginning of the book, allowing the reader to dive right into the Shawl's fiction.

The opening story, "Walk Like A Man," takes on the alienated teen tropes of Young Adult fiction and turns them on their heads while effectively commenting on class and gender issues. "Women of the Doll" provides deep and thoughtful commentary about sex work, spirituality, and empowerment, all within the framework of a familiar SF storyline about a mysterious loner and a doll brought to life.

"Something More" takes on issues of race and class and the battle for the soul of a young pop star. The last and shortest story in the collection, "An Awfully Big Adventure," is the outlier in the book. It is a meditation on illness that may be lost on some younger readers, but feels painfully close to those of us whose lives have been touched by cancer.

After covering some serious ground in the short-story selections, the non-fiction segments at the end of the book allow the reader to take a deep breath and get to know Nisi Shawl as a person. Shawl writes of integrating their personal spiritual practice of Ifa (a West African animist faith) with the scientific method and writing science fiction.

They write: "In addition to the categories of 'hard' and 'soft' science fiction, a new one labeled 'ethereal SF' would be born, focusing on science derived from spiritually mandated investigations rather than discoveries in conventional physics or biology. Or perhaps we'd witness the fading of literature's taxonomical divisions between science fiction and its more widely accepted and well-to-do sister genres, fantasy, and magical realism. Already this division is problematic, questioned by many authors and thoughtful readers—particularly those familiar with Ifa and other religions rooted in indigenous worldviews."

In the final article, interviewer Terry Bisson asks Shawl about life, writing, and thoughts on popular culture. The interview questions are broader than they are deep, and the interview seems abbreviated. Any one of the questions could have spawned pages of follow-up discussion. It leaves the reader wanting to know more about Shawl's life and worldview.

Still, it does provide a taste of their personality and sense of humor. Ultimately though, the brevity of the interview does not diminish the book; it adds to the realization that we are reading a primer on the work of Nisi Shawl. The extensive bibliography that follows encourages the reader to explore more of their writing.

After reading *Talk Like A Man*, readers who are interested in diving more deeply into Shawl's work might want to pick up their 2016 novel, *Everfair*. An alternative history of the "Belgian" Congo which the author describes as "AfroRetroFuturist," *Everfair* combines the aesthetics of Afrofuturism with the stylistic approach of the Steampunk science fiction sub-genre.

Shawl's short stories can be found in countless SF

monthlies, anthologies, and zines. Also, they have served as editor of several important collections, including *New Suns: Original Speculative Fiction by People of Colour* and *The Wis-Con Chronicles: Writing and Racial Identity*.

Readers can learn more about Nisi Shawl at their website, ninishawl.com. For more on the PM Press "Outspoken Authors" series, visit pmpress.org.

Rich Dana is a carpenter/librarian/printer and the publisher of *OBSOLETE!* He lives in rural Iowa. rich@obsolete-press.com.



Murder, Psychedelics, & The Primal Anarchist

The Cull of Personality: Ayahuasca, Colonialism, and the Death of a Healer

Kevin Tucker

Black and Green Press, Blackandgreenpress.org, 2019

STEVE KIRK

For those familiar with Kevin Tucker's essay writing since the start of *Black and Green Review*, now *Wild Resistance*, there is a familiar structure to the book, reading much like an expanded essay that might appear in those journals. Divided into six sections, *Cull* delivers colonial history through the lens of its contemporary manifestations.

Delving deep into the historical record, Tucker, who identifies as a primal anarchist, traces the antecedents to the tragic death of Olivia Arvalo, a Peruvian indigenous healer

in April 2018. Arvalo was murdered by Sebastian Woodroffe, a white Canadian man who ostensibly went to Peru to “retain some of their [the indigenous population’s] treasure,” primarily through ingesting and investigating ayahuasca use (a potent psychedelic concoction), for himself and his family. In doing so, Woodroffe joined a growing number of white westerners traveling to the region to participate in ayahuasca retreats, part of a growing trend in cultural and psychedelic tourism which rarely profits local communities.

The end result of his journey was the death of Arvalo and Woodroffe’s subsequent killing at the hands of the Shipibo Konibo community, one he apparently saw only as a tool for his own personal and familial development.

Tucker uses this incident to interrogate the roots and manifestations of colonialism through time, but also to question a fundamental psychedelic truism: ritualized ayahuasca use is an ancient “pure” medicine, having acute powers which can be harnessed by ambitious white Westerners. As Tucker declares in his opening, “A shocking amount of history can fit into a shallow grave.”

In tackling these complex topics, Tucker annihilates the unsupported notion that ayahuasca use is a timeless and naturally developed ritual, itself somehow disassociated from colonial reality. He shows without a doubt that most ayahuasca use comes out of colonial devastation and cultural changes brought on as its consequence.

In addition to dispelling the myth of ayahuasca’s timelessness, Tucker takes on many other misconceptions surrounding colonialism, dealing even-handedly with topics such as warfare, resistance, turmoil, death, and brutality. All of these serving as cultural memory that shapes the use of ayahuasca today, a use that may only go back a few hundred years.

The story of Arvalo’s death is often compared to earlier

colonial exploits in the book, showing the continuity in motives and actions from Pizarro, the 16th century conquistador, to the present.

Tucker reveals the internal logic of colonial agents, including Woodroffe, showing that their guiding principle is entitlement with a seemingly well-meaning outward intent. Tucker summarizes this logic often in the book by echoing the internal and written rationalizations of the colonizer: “For me and my family.”

In drawing these parallels through time, Tucker also explores and ties in his own long-running critique of civilization. This includes an appeal to the primal anarchy he often mentions, but it seems like a minor turn from his formerly held anarcho-primitivism, amounting to a semantic shift rather than any clearly distinct or necessary redefining of perspective. If there’s one obvious critique of Tucker’s writing, it is that it is often not concise and seems to pre-judge its topic for the reader prior to even presenting an argument.

For instance, it only takes a few pages for Tucker to make clear his perception of intoxicating experiences, describing ayahuasca thusly: “. . . all forms are prone to violent and unpleasant after effects. Its consumption is followed by nausea and vomiting. Painful and discomforting, there’s little about experiencing death that should give any indication of being enjoyable.”

Tucker previously equated intoxication with inevitable addiction in his essay, “Hooked on a Feeling,” appearing in *Black and Green Review No. 3*, going so far as to implicate the supposed narcotic-like effects of grains as the very reason for persistent settlements in the early history of domestication. It is fortunate that, while it echoes some of those previous arguments, *Cull* doesn’t depend upon them.

Tucker’s overall point about drug use is largely correct.

Continued on P.46

Recently paroled MOVE9 political prisoners Debbie and Michael Africa, and their son Michael Africa Jr., delivering the keynote talk at the 2019 Fight Toxic Prisons (FTP) Convergence in Gainesville, Fla, in June.

After surviving a police siege on their Philadelphia home and forty years in prison on frame-up charges, Mike and Debbie were released from prison in 2018. They were imprisoned along with seven other members of MOVE, a revolutionary environmental Black liberation organization, in 1978.

FTP conducts grassroots organizing, advocacy and direct action to challenge the prison system. Their 2020 convergence is announced on their web site fighttoxicprisons.wordpress.com.

Michael Africa, Jr. was born in his mother’s prison cell. He is touring Europe this spring and summer with singer/songwriter David Rovics.

—photo: Jordan Mazurek



Luigi Galleani

The Most Dangerous Anarchist In America

Luigi Galleani: the Most Dangerous Anarchist In America

Antonio Senta

AK Press, 2019 akpress.org

DAVID ROVICS

Sacco and Vanzetti, the Italian-American anarchists executed in Massachusetts in 1927 for a robbery and murder they probably had nothing to do with had a favorite newspaper. They regularly visited its editor and his family on their farm outside of Boston.

The newspaper, published in Italian, was *Cronaca Sovversiva*, (Subversive Chronicle) and appeared regularly for most of the eighteen years its editor spent in North America at the beginning of the 20th century. Following his deportation to Italy in 1920, he published a few more issues just before Mussolini seized power in 1922.

The editor's name was Luigi Galleani, born in Vercelli, Italy in 1861. His life and times and how he earned the title of The Most Dangerous Anarchist In America is the subject of a succinctly-presented and exhaustively-researched book. It is translated from Italian by Andrea Asali with assistance from Galleani's grandson, Sean Sayers, who also wrote the Preface.

In different languages and in many different countries, primarily in Italy and the US, the most common charge that kept Galleani moving frequently throughout his 71 years was *Incitement to Riot*. After fleeing repression in Italy he landed in the U.S. in 1901 and became an active participant in labor and anarchist activity, including becoming



An 1896 *Judge* lithograph depicting a stereotype portrayal of anarchists. They were feared by the ruling class for their radicalism and for the violence they often practiced as Propaganda of the Deed of which Luigi Galleani was a proponent.

the editor of *La Questione Sociale*, the most read Italian anarchist periodical.

He was a militant participant in the 1902 Paterson, New Jersey general strike and advocated the overthrow of capitalism. Facing riot charges, Galleani fled the country, going to Montreal, but eventually returned to the U.S. to successfully fight the charges after raising and spending tens of thousands of dollars in legal fees, an astronomical sum back then.

From the time he was a young man until he was forced to leave Italy at the age of forty, he not only published anarchist newspapers, but translated Kropotkin, Proudhon and other important contemporary thinkers on the international scene into Italian. He frequently traveled on speaking tours throughout Italy, focusing on wherever there was a strike or uprising, always advocating to make it bigger, and make it spread.

His tours continued throughout the

U.S. after his arrival in 1901.

He spoke to striking workers and others at events organized by Italian-speaking subscribers to his very popular anarchist newspaper, for many years based out of the hotbed of Italian anarchism, the quarry town of Barre, Vermont.

However, Galleani had to leave Vermont for his own safety, and relocate to the even bigger hotbed of Italian anarchists at the time, the sub-

urbs of Boston.

The idea of an insurrection for revolutionary change advocated by Galleani in the U.S. had its germination in the turmoil of late 19th century Italy where he lived for the first 40 years of his life. At the time, Italian socialists, like many others, were divided over the question of whether a parliamentary path could bring real, substantive change to society.

Galleani's popular and often very persuasive side of the argument was that participating in parliamentary politics in post-1848 bourgeois democracies in Europe was pointless. He called for armed uprisings to bring down capitalism and the state.

As poverty and hunger continued to be widespread in Italy and throughout Europe at the time, Galleani's orientation of encouraging as many general strikes and insurrections as possible in the hope they would spread had a



Galleani's followers carried out a series of bombings including the 1920 Wall Street bombing that killed 38 people and wounded 143.

large following. His ideas continued to be popular among workers in the U.S. as well.

His advocacy of "propaganda by the deed" often published in *Cronaca Sovversiva* held that it was appropriate and even necessary to retaliation against, for example, police chiefs or others for killing striking workers, by killing them in turn. Galleani's newspaper famously included a bomb-making recipe book insert on one occasion, with an unrelated title hoping that would help evade the censors.

A series of bombings ascribed to Galleanists were carried out between 1914 and 1920 targeting politicians, owners, and police, the last and most famous being the 1920 Wall Street bombing which killed 38 people and severely wounded 143. It was these attacks which earned Galleani the title of this book.

Whether the tactics and strategies employed by Galleani's wing of the large, international anarchist movement of the day would be considered adventurist, ultra-left, foolhardy, completely nuts or perfectly reasonable today obviously depends on who you talk to.

Three important things to bear in

mind when considering what might be called the strategy of constant, eloquent, multi-faceted forms of incitement to rebellion that Galleani engaged in on both sides of the Atlantic:

One: In 1848, rebellions swept Europe during which every monarchy on the continent except for England and Russia were at least temporarily overthrown, and replaced, in many cases, with fairly significantly different forms of government.

Popular rebellions spread from city to city, country to country, crossing boundaries of nation and language, to form a continent-wide rebellion, affecting politics and life in many corners of the world.

This was just before Galleani was born, but he and everyone else in Europe in his time grew up in the shadow of 1848. There was every reason to think a general strike could turn into a revolutionary moment that would sweep up an entire nation since events like that had just happened. It just needed to go further, and not get watered down or eviscerated by reformist social democrats.

Two: Economic inequality during the 19th and early 20th centuries in both Europe and North America reached its high point during the age of the Robber Barons, a period marked by ruling class greed, horrid working conditions, harsh

repression of workers, and rampant corruption. Hunger was widespread. The average textile worker in Massachusetts at the time usually died before the age of thirty.

Three: The tactics advocated by Galleani resulted in many victories for the militant end of the labor and the anarchist movements. However there were defeats as well.

People who become famous, or infamous, are often known for something that happened during one particular year or decade. Whatever they were doing before or after that period is often more obscure. Luigi Galleani was supported in so many ways by the movement he was a part of throughout his adult life in every country he lived in, especially by other Italian-speaking, anarchists.

This support continued, though in a much smaller way, upon his forced return to Italy following a wave of bombings attributed to anarchists in the U.S. By the time of his deportation from the U.S. in 1920, simply being an Italian anarchist was grounds for deportation. In Italy, once Mussolini took over, it was an even worse place to be an anarchist, of any nationality.

People received long prison sentences for making a joke about Il Duce; forget about advocating general strikes or publishing an anarchist newspaper.

If his funeral had taken place before Mussolini, there doubtless would have been tens of thousands of people at it, perhaps with a general strike to follow. When Galleani died in 1931, at the age of 70, only a handful of family and close friends attended, all watched by the secret police, as was Galleani's every move until even after his death.

It was only years later that anyone dared put a tombstone in the cemetery where he was buried.

David Rovics is a singer/songwriter who live in Portland, Ore. His latest album, "Strangers & Friends," is available for downloading at davidrovics.com. His touring schedule is posted there.



Brandon Jones Mooney, Tracy Michelle Hughes and Aishé Keita in "Reparations."
—photo: Aaron Jin

"Reparations" — Theatre What can repair the trauma we all suffer?

Reparations
Darren Canady, Playwright,
Jay O'Leary, Director
World Premiere, Sound Theatre
Company, Seattle, Jan. 10, 2020

MIKE WOLD

Reparations examines inherited historical trauma, whether that trauma can be healed, and, if so, how.

It goes beyond simple ideas about monetary payments to historically oppressed groups, and raises the question of how social trauma can ever be overcome.

Sparked by the current discussion about reparations, the play examines what the implications could be if society started taking responsibility for historic injustice. But, recognizing that there's a difference between compensation and healing, the play suggests what we would know if trauma was manifest rather than implied

by people's behavior—as if everything that happened in the past could be understood as part of present reality. Could we live with such knowledge? And whose family hasn't at some point been affected?

Sound Theatre Company's mission is to "empower artists to give voice to the dignity and diversity of the human experience—moving audiences toward a more just and compassionate world."

It particularly emphasizes plays written and directed by African-Americans, and the cast of *Reparations*, like its other plays, is mostly Black. Set in Oklahoma in the near future, with flashbacks to the 1920s and the 1940s, the play uses a science-fiction premise—that our ancestors' traumatic experiences get coded into our DNA in a way that makes it possible for them to be relived in the present.

A new device, using a drop of blood, makes it possible for someone to witness those experiences as if they

were there. The State of Oklahoma, in an apparent attempt to make good on past wrongs, is offering compensation to anyone who can show, by reliving the experiences in their DNA, that their ancestors were wrongfully injured by the State.

The main character, Rory, played convincingly by Aishé Keita in the Sound Theatre production, is descended from survivors of a mass lynching of Blacks in the 1920s, a mob action supported by the local Oklahoma sheriff, reminiscent of the historic Tulsa massacre of 1921.

She decides to relive the trauma, which is part of her family's oral history, and apply for compensation. It turns out to be not that simple. Witnessing the awful events brings to her own consciousness things she'd never known about that are weighing her down.

Even worse, after reliving her great-grandparents' trauma, she is told that, while she would normally be due some compensation, one of her cousins spent years in the penitentiary for murder, and the costs of "his choice to become a ward of the State" have to be deducted from any money she would receive.

In trying to disprove her cousin's guilt, she discovers that there was unacknowledged trauma committed inside her own family—and who owes the compensation for that? In her pursuit of the truth, she gains an unlikely ally in a government bureaucrat, Pramesh (played by Bharan Bhikshaandeswaran), and, when Oklahoma abruptly decides to defund the project, persuades him to drill down further into history than the records show.

The result is a complex interweaving of themes, which sometimes works and sometimes doesn't. Rory's cousin Maceo (Brandon James Mooney) makes the case that he's owed something for the betrayal by her grandmother (Tracy Michelle Hughes) that sent his father to prison and destroyed his family. The actual scenes of trauma

are gripping but never exploitative.

One clear message of the play is that having the government handle the question of reparations may be problematic—because its agenda for such compensation is likely to be focused on laying the past to rest, walking away from it so that supposedly everybody can move forward together into the future.

Canady suggests that historical trauma is ongoing and the reason for reparations is not so much to get a certain sum of money as to get groups and individuals to recognize that oppressive actions, no matter how long ago in the past, continue to have an effect in the present. They may not be literally passed down in the DNA, but the things people do because they're traumatized change other people's behavior and abilities in ways that can be passed down from generation to generation.

In the deepest sense, there is no compensation that can be adequate; what's needed is sincere acknowledgment and ongoing allowance for the ways that people have been injured by society across generations. Victims of trauma may themselves create trauma—so that their descendants may have to reckon with the crimes of their ancestors as well as their victimization.

Looking back over American history, it's easy to see that this applies far beyond the issue of reparations for slavery, which is where the discussion has been centered for some time. It includes all the traumas perpetrated against people of color; but, also, it includes the violent traumas perpetrated against women, against working people, and against religious, political, and sexual minorities throughout our history.

Canady raises the question of how we can deal with the complexity of collective trauma, but he doesn't resolve it in a satisfactory way. Rather, he leaves us with the question. What we do have, he suggests, is love—in the case of his characters, the love that's present in the extended family descended from Rory's great-great-grandparents. But it's unclear how the historical memory

of love can play out on a larger stage, such as the country itself. A better beginning might be compassion—compassion for the ways that so many people have been injured by the violence of oppression, and for the ways

in which they need to be made whole.

Mike Wold is a songwriter and musician, and a volunteer and contributing writer at *Real Change*, the street newspaper in Seattle.

Art in the Fifth Estate



P.6 Greg Giegucz is a multimedia artist living and working in New Orleans. H moved to New Orleans from New York to draw its devastated landscape, still recovering from Hurricane Katrina. giegucz.com



P.9 John Gruntfest is a saxophonist and artist. His free form jazz draws upon western and eastern radical artistic and philosophical traditions lves to Coltrane, Buddha to Marx, Goldman to Debord, Whitman to Artaud.



P.33 Bria Sanborn draws and works in rural, mid-state Maine. She co-edits the prison abolition zine, *Fire Ant*, available from Bloomington ABC at bloomingtonabc.noblogs.org. Or, write PO Box 164, Harmony ME 04942



P.18 Barbara Carson-McHale (Lowrie) began working in pastel four years ago. In the early 1970s, she was a staff photographer and writer for the Fifth Estate and was a founder of the women's radio show, *All Together Now*, in Detroit from 1970-75.



P.23 Steven Cline is a writer and collage artist living in Atlanta, Georgia. He co-edits the surrealist journal *Peculiar Mormyrid*, and his most recent book, *Planetoid Sassafra*, is available from Montag Press. stevenclineart.com.



P.24 James Koehnline is a Seattle collage artist known for book and CD cover art. He is the editor of *Gone to Croatan* and creator of the Jubilee Saints Calendar which is in its 28th year. Facebook, koehnline.com or jkoehnline@isomedia.com.



P. 27 Flavio Constantini (1924-2013) reproduced in *The Art of Anarchy* (Cienfuegos Press, 1975).



P.31 John Maggie is an artist working in Hamtramck, Mich. His work has been shown at the Museum of Contemporary Art Detroit, Jack Hanley Gallery (New York City), and Simone DeSousa (Detroit), among others. He has produced numerous art books.



P.39 Armageddon Beachparty. Painting named after Oya, an ancient African Goddess representing death, rebirth & female power juxtaposed by Gidget the mischievous transdimensional feline deity of our creation. The base is an antique Victorian portrait of a stately black woman, stoically posed and originally photographed in a Detroit studio of the time. Armageddonbeachpartydetroit.com.

Murder, Psychedelics & The Primal Anarchist

Continued from P.41

Widespread intoxication is likely symptomatic of something wrong in a given culture and the prevalence of addiction may correlate to the need to escape from daily life, an attempt at meeting human needs through intoxicative substances. But it is rather a leap from there to draw an objective opinion about individual experiences of intoxication.

In other words, the topic is clearly nuanced and non-linear. Fortunately, the framing of *Cull* puts the emphasis on colonialism and not intoxication and this gives the book much more weight. Tucker has made an important point abundantly clear. The ayahuasca industry stems from a fundamentally erroneous understanding of indigenous use and, moreover, is a complete and total reflection of colonial logic. This industry must be rejected and the analysis of the always persisting and constantly re-articulating colonial reality is deeply enhanced by the book.

The writing has a strong narrative voice and Tucker isn't afraid to tell you exactly and explicitly how any piece of research makes him feel. In this way, the book reads a bit like a co-revealing, the reader is on a journey with the author through the research and Tucker presents his feelings and reactions while processing the death and brutality he chronicles.

This approach is, however, not without its disadvantages and at times the writing can feel muddled by personal reflection, no matter how visceral. There are times when repulsion

cannot be well described in words. Tucker's style of declarative sentences, often appearing as their own paragraph is interesting for those already convinced of his general analysis and serves the purposes of a polemic, but it is ill-fitted for a book of this scope.

Often Tucker's voice is overbearing in the writing, particularly in the first and last sections of the book. Some readers may identify with the narrative voice, though I suspect others will find it difficult to separate the message from the messenger, if only in part because Tucker includes glimpses of many arguments within this text. He argues against colonialism, domestication, addiction culture, resource extraction, missionaries, and I'm no doubt missing a few more.

At the same time, he is making a positive argument for primal anarchy and attempting to even reconcile the impact of the Incan empire before and during early colonialism. Tucker attempts to summarize 600 years of history in 166 pages, not counting endnotes, all the while covering the details of a contemporary tragedy and somehow managing to relate this all back to a project for primal anarchy (which necessitates even longer historical purview). While all of these topics are undoubtedly connected, it is perhaps impractical to push them all together.

Nevertheless, *Cull of Personality* represents an important turning point for one of anarcho-primitivism's primary and loudest advocates. Tucker shows he can distill a large amount of information into a digestible narrative that holds the readers attention and concentrates on a few central theses.

Steve Kirk is an anarcho-primitivist author and musician. He is an editor at *Oak: A Journal Against Civilization*. Oakjournal.org.

Coup des Lumières

C.M. WODE

a tree shivers shade
to protect the thief, the wolf
from the prying sun

it is no coincidence that
the gods of the forest
are the patrons

are the patrons of
witches, slaves, outcasts,
are the patrons of outlaws

for the earth was a sanctuary
before a mortar-mediated sky
imposed survival on the living

before dogma demanded
allegiance for safety;
a time before time

a time before parking structures
spewed their corpse breath
on the seething summer asphalt

a time before existence was mitigated
by screens, by the false illuminations
that prevent or pacify rest

for authentic sleep
would spawn snarling fangs
that respect no border

so fear not the wild wood,
the shadow, the other.
fear not the aid of criminals

embrace squatted sanctuary
and sip freely from any stream
not yet poisoned

be that not a possibility
strike down the polluter
and take his means to drink

have you noticed?
we speak our secrets
in the dark

have you noticed?
we only really begin
to dream without light

C.M. Wode is an anarchist pursuing anarchy. He can most often be found wandering about occupied Lenapehoking dreaming of a world apart from civilization. Contact him at cmwode@riseup.net.



Letters

Continued from Page 2

using coal? How about fracked natural gas? Or atomic power?

If he'd rather we heat our homes through burning trees, imagine the damage to the forest and the plants and animals that depend on it for life. Should we instead all migrate to warmer climates and destroy those?

Rick Cricow
Eugene, Ore.

Steve Kirk replies:

Your argument that technology is benign or neutral, integral to all life, and that its rejection is inherently dumb, is fallacious on its face. The very use of a thing in a society or the necessity of any given thing in daily life does not argue for the value of it, but rather shows that the material conditions of any given culture require or expect its use.

After all, if we were bound to consider all complex societal functions (technologies) as benign then the entire state apparatus is simply nothing but an unsightly growth which in the end is really not much of a problem.

By your logic, anything which facilitates the publication of Fifth Estate must persist in perpetuity. This is a rhetorical trap oft used against anarchists of all kinds. If the use of any technology (or anything at all) is a positive argument for its existence, then I guess we anarchists don't have more work to do.

You are saying that technology is neutral, a common rejoinder to Lud-

dism. Something like: technological systems can be used for any desired value and that their existence contains no internal logic in and of itself.

By this logic, technological progress must exist in some independent realm, manifesting via a culturally unrelated and divorced path of purity. The reality is far different. Cultures and civilizations create technology to serve and reinforce their logic. Technology always has consequences as a result of its very existence, materially, culturally, interpersonally. To say that the only issue is the intent of the user is to separate technology from the world and lived experience.

But, more importantly for an anarchist, it is to divorce technology from the paradigm of domination. It's my hope that we move beyond such hamstrung analyses of technology and mass society and look our technofied nightmare square in the face.

Peter Werbe replies:

Sorry to double-team a former Fifth Estate staff member from back in the early 1970s, but a quick note.

Humans were not a significant species on the planet until the advent of the first major technological innovation—agriculture. That innovation allowed the emergence of wealth accumulation, cities, mass technics, and the political state with its social pyramid of rulers and ruled to emerge.

From that beginning, humans now

dominate the planet with destructive technology and political forms to the point where we may be on the verge of tipping over the edge of sustainability if we haven't already passed it.

We're taking a lot of species with us, all so we can live the modern life we've come to expect, but there's a reckoning ahead.

Consider the passenger pigeon. A billion one day; collapse and extinction the next.

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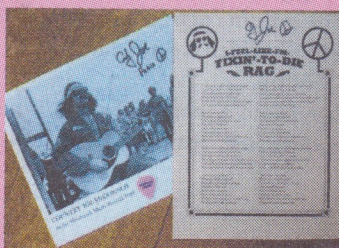
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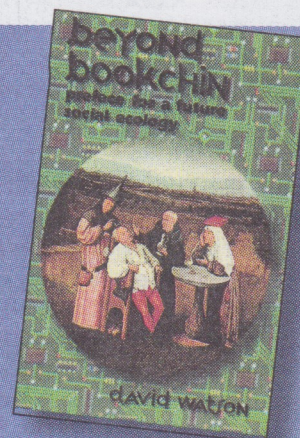
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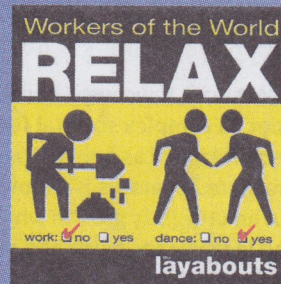
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